

Spring 2015



THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF MILITARY HISTORY

**Clausewitz
at War**

**Rodman's
Great Guns**

**Classic
Dispatches**

**U-Boat Failure
in the Atlantic**

**The Vendée
Uprising, 1793**

The Man Who **Won** the
War of 1812

With the peace Treaty of Ghent,
John Quincy Adams outwitted the British

MHQmag.com



John Quincy Adams, sixth
president of the United States,
congressman, senator, diplomat

*"We have completed our duty....
Now we only have to hang on
until we are dead."*

—CHINESE COMMANDER DURING
RETREAT FROM HSUCHOW, PAGE 88



The Quarterly Journal
of Military History

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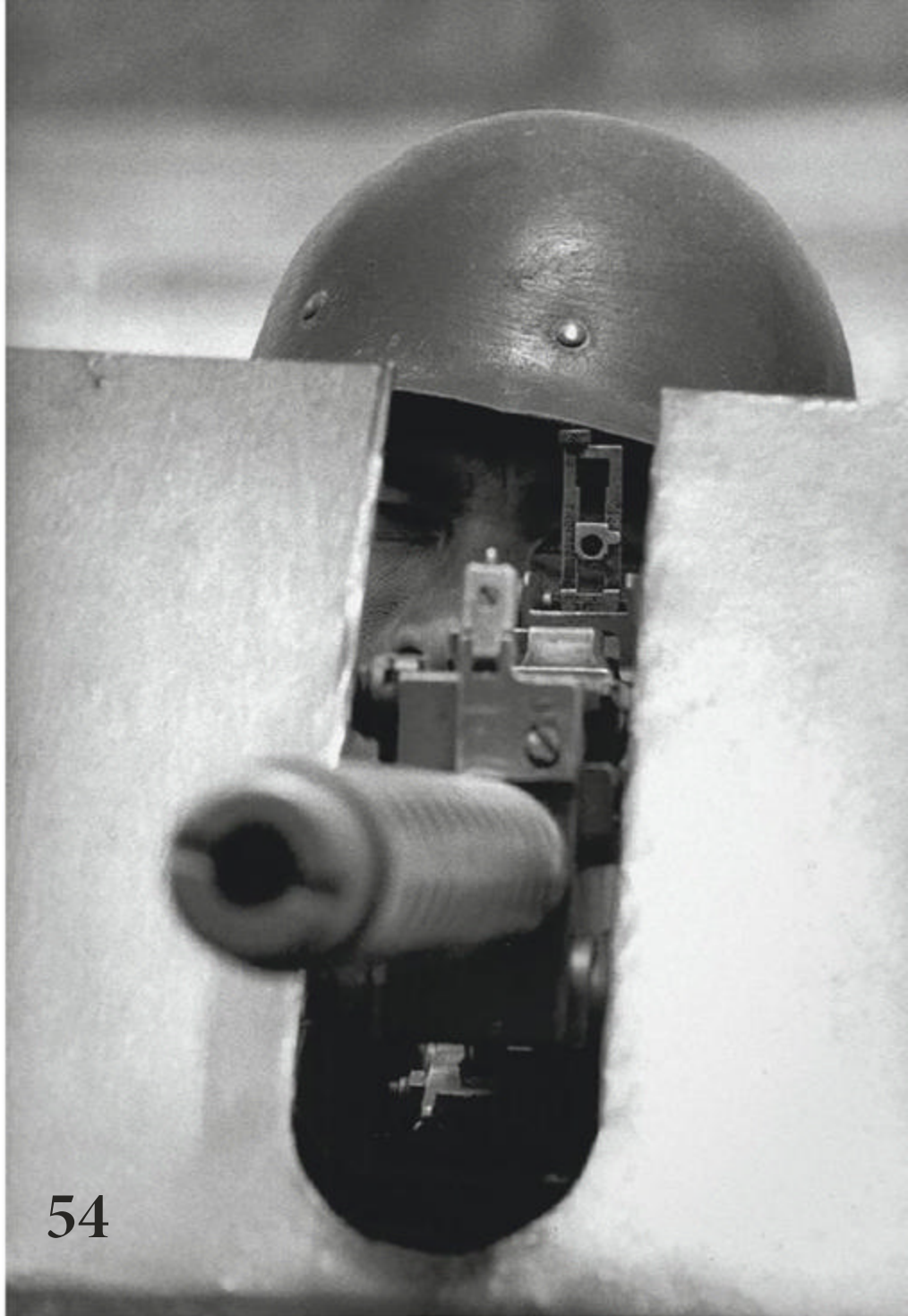
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ABOVE: Photographer René Burri captured the human face of war in Vietnam and a dozen other conflicts in his more than half-century of reporting (p. 54). (René Burri/Magnum Photos)

COVER: John Quincy Adams, here as elder statesman and former president, probably made his greatest mark as a young man, negotiating the Treaty of Ghent (p. 30). (Mathew Brady/Library of Congress, Colorization by Quad/Graphics)

BACK COVER: A very young Comte de la Rochejaquelein leads counterrevolutionaries in battle during the 1770s uprising that soaked France's Vendée region in blood (p. 46). (Musée d'Histoire et des Guerres de Vendée Cholet/Gianni Dagli Orti/The Art Archive at Art Resource, New York)

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SIMPLE BUT VITAL, a drinking cup wasn't always part of a soldier's kit in the Civil War, so the U.S. Sanitary Commission passed out tin cups to Union troops throughout the war. As late as September 1864, after the Third Battle of Winchester, the commission had 1,104 cups on hand. An extragovernmental agency that President Lincoln initially believed might become a worrisome "fifth wheel" to the war effort, the commission proved its worth early on, under the leadership of its first secretary general, Frederick Law Olmsted (better known to history as America's great landscape architect). The story of his own battles on behalf of the men at the front begins on page 22. (Tria Giovan/Corbis)

Dispatches

Most wars in the modern era have been covered by reporters, commonly called war correspondents, working for news organizations. Their firsthand accounts of battles and other military events are often brief, tightly focused, and characterized by immediacy and personal reactions. If the writer is a vigilant observer with an eye for symbolic detail and is an effective storyteller, his or her work may be sufficiently reliable and useful to be considered a rough draft of history. That said, the very immediacy that informs the best dispatches is the trait that soon consigns the piece and the writer to oblivion. Which is a shame and a waste, because some truly excellent writers have served as war correspondents in the past century or so, and as the conflicts they covered have faded from the public eye and memory, their work has slipped from sight. The fame of only a few, like Ernie Pyle, Edward R. Murrow, and Walter Cronkite, has lasted to the present day.

But with the best of the many other correspondents, their writing remains vivid, rewarding, and meaningful to later generations of historians. Fortunately, much of the strongest work in English—first published in the Civil War (“by those who lived it”), World War II, and Vietnam—has been collected in volumes published by the nonprofit Library of America. It makes riveting reading.

Martha Gellhorn—one of the stellar writers whose work is included in the Library’s second volume on World War II—captures the fearsome cost of war in a dispatch she wrote for *Collier’s* magazine about the Canadian army’s September 1944 breakthrough at the fiercely defended Gothic Line in northern Italy: “There is a young Italian woman wrapped in a blanket on the doorstep of a poor little hovel that one of our shells had hit during the night; this was in a town the Germans held until a few hours ago. She wakes up and starts to laugh, charming, gay and absolutely mad.” Gellhorn is featured in this volume with such authors as A. J. Liebling, Ernest Hemingway, James Agee, E. B. White, John Hersey, and many others most of us have never heard of but whose work is worth remembering.

With this issue of *MHQ*, we launch Classic Dispatches, selections of some of the most worthy firsthand reporting on wars of the modern era. We begin with Jack Belden’s account of a massive retreat during the early months of the second Sino-Japanese war—a prelude to the wider Pacific War of 1941–1945.

—Michael W. Robbins

*MHQ*editor@weiderhistorygroup.com

Flashback





KURDISTAN 1979

AK-47 in hand, the daughter of a Kurdish peshmerga warrior is ready to defend her family as Kurdish freedom fighters battle for self-rule. **TODAY** The peshmerga ("those who confront death") are among the few forces willing to go head to head with ISIS radicals spreading terror through Iraq and Syria.

Alex Bowie/Getty Images



ELSEWHERE
NEPTUNE TO HORN

here
**EASTERN
WEEK
REPEATS
ITSELF**

**THE IRA STILL
DEFENDS THE
REPUBLIC**

DUBLIN 1922

Free Staters take on Republican forces as civil war erupts in Ireland over the terms of the 1921 Anglo-Irish Treaty that divided Ireland north and south. **TODAY** A new archaeological project is underway to document caves across Ireland that were used for hideouts, munition caches, and intelligence centers in the civil war.

Brooke/Topical Press Agency/Getty Images







SOUTH VIETNAM 1966

On a medical mission, a U.S. Navy hospital corpsman inoculates a flood refugee against cholera. **TODAY** President Obama deploys military forces to West Africa to provide logistical and medical support in a battle against another disease—Ebola.

U.S. Information Agency/National Archives

Comments

War and Evolution

Wayne Lee's excellent article on the origins of warfare was both intellectually stimulating and a little disquieting for what was omitted and for how things were worded. I drew back my breath when I read Mr. Lee's words that "this collection of behaviors" (among chimpanzees) is "war" and that it is an "organized group activity....designed to diminish one group for...another."

"Chimp warfare" is nothing more than the similarly regular activities of a pack of wolves patrolling their territory—just like any other animal, solitary or social, patrolling, swimming, or flying its particular territory for food and mates.

The words "organized group activity" can be interpreted as if there is one alpha male (which there usually is) "selecting" other chimps to go on patrol, "directing" them to attack from left-center-right of position, or having a pre-planned "timing" of assault (e.g., high noon). In no way have the above-quoted concepts been observed as consciously employed in chimpanzee behavior.

Missing from this article is the mention that we almost went extinct 70,000 years ago when the Sumatran Toba volcano created a "nuclear winter."

Less known is what effect a fused chromosome had on our genes. All the great apes have 24 pairs of chromosomes, except us—we're the only primate with 23 pairs, with chromosome 2 fused from 2A and 2B. Did that indirectly lead to a bigger brain case, then to cognitive thinking?

Cliff Culpeper
San Francisco, California

Wayne Lee responds: Mr. Culpeper raises some excellent points, several of which I did not have the space to address in my article. They will, however, be covered in my book, *Waging War: Conflict, Culture, and Innovation in Human History*, to be published later this year. To be clear,



I am not arguing for pre-planning or any other sort of culturally evolved group behavior in chimpanzees. The patrolling and other behaviors I referred to evolved at a biological level in order to advance the interests of the group at the expense of other groups. I acknowledge the tremendous ongoing debate about how group behaviors evolve, and, as Mr. Culpeper points out, many species exhibit such behaviors. But I believe it is possible to refer to behavior as "organized" without implying pre-planning (bee and ant behaviors, for example, are organized). My point was not to argue for chimpanzee self-reflection but to suggest that early Homo likely evolved similar behaviors to serve their group dynamics (both internal cooperative and external, intraspecies conflictual). Modern humans are still heirs to that evolutionary process, without being bound by it. As to the role of climate fluctuation, some studies now suggest it may have played a repeated role in narrowing the population level at various stages in the evolution of early Homo.

Christmas box

I was very happy to see the photo in your Winter 2015 issue of a Princess Mary

Gift Box. I possess one that has been in my family for 40 years.

My late wife, Myrna, was a New Zealander, and the box was handed down to her from her great-uncle Whit Priest, who served with the ANZAC troops.

I knew very little about the brass box, and I didn't realize its significance until I read about its history in your issue. It was, indeed, a thrill! Thank you so much.

Charles Eames
Waycross, Georgia

Tank choices

I'm quite confused by the article "Tanks That Mattered," by Robert Citino. The subtitle says, "In single combat and in wars, these landmark tanks have been arbiters of victory and defeat." Yet one of those tanks never saw combat (M-1931) and two (S-35 and T-62) were usually on the losing side of combat. The first paragraph states, "Let us turn to the greatest tanks of their time..."—but are these? Since the M-1931 never saw combat, is it included because it was the grandfather of more important tanks? More confusing, the S-35 doesn't fit either criteria. It had some good points, but with its one-man turret, poor reliability, and high cost—low numbers it made little contribution in battle and led to nothing else.

The T-62 didn't contribute much in the battle described but was knocked out in large numbers once it ventured beyond the landmark antitank missile defenses. The T-62 wasn't revolutionary either. Maybe the T-55 would have been a better choice, since it was a groundbreaking design that became the basis for most post-World War II Soviet and Russian tanks, was made in record numbers, and figured in several important conflicts.

Kevin McCue
Spring, Texas

Thanks for a very good and accurate article by Citino—less the evaluation of the M-4 Sherman of World War II as “good enough.”

While the M-4 Sherman, when introduced in North Africa by the Brits against the long-gun Panzer Mark III

and the short-gun Mark IV, was certainly good enough at the time, it was not “good enough” for the rest of World War II.

By the end of the North African campaign, as the much-improved Mark VI Tiger I and the Mark V Panther were introduced by the Germans, and indeed

Contributors

Willard Sterne Randall is a historian, author, and former investigative reporter who won a National Magazine Award for his exposé of political corruption in Philadelphia. His work on that made him realize “you can learn a great deal from the public record.” And yet, he says, those records are rarely in the public consciousness. His interest in what public records could reveal and his puzzlement over the War of 1812 led him to his latest work, *1815: How America Survived*, to be published later this year. “I couldn’t understand how thousands could be killed in a war that, when it was over, had no clear winner.”

His questioning led him to the Treaty of Ghent (page 30), and to the Belgian city itself, where he literally walked in the footsteps of John Quincy Adams. Ghent, Randall says, still “reflects the world as it was at the end of the Napoleonic Wars.” The realities of that world, and Randall’s close examination of the public records gave him an answer to his question: The reason America did not emerge the loser in the treaty talks was because of the “brilliant negotiations of the American team. Once I was in Ghent, I understood how personal negotiations were at

that time, even among the Americans themselves. The mansion where they lived is still there, and it’s not very big. They lived together at extremely close quarters. Despite their differences, they made the situation work, and they won tremendous concessions from the British. Today’s Congress could take some lessons from them.”

Anthony Brandt has been interested in military subjects ever since he learned how to direct artillery fire in ROTC at college. After graduation and between two wars—Korea and Vietnam—he trained artillery recruits in the cannoneers drill at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. The war in the Vendée (page 46) has been an interest of his since he read Simon Schama’s *Citizen*, about the French Revolution. When Brandt began to look for sources on the Vendée uprising, he found them to be surprisingly scarce and mostly in French. He realized that the Vendéans broke the pattern of 18th-century warfare with an early version of guerrilla tactics similar to what Napoleon would encounter a decade later in the Peninsular War. “The Vendée is a conflict that definitely deserves more attention,” Brandt says.



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even against the long-gunned and improved armored Mark IV, the M-4 Sherman became a death trap. Thin armor, a popgun of a main weapon, and a tendency to burn when hit made it so.

British field marshal Bernard Law Montgomery slaughtered his M-4-equipped Canadian and British armor against a handful of Tigers in front of Caen in a disaster of a campaign in 1944. In the same period, the Americans reckoned that in order for a U.S. Sherman tank company of 17 tanks to get around behind one Tiger or Panther and destroy it from 300 yards with a shot into its rear, it would generally cost that tank com-

pany a full platoon of M-4s destroyed by the Tiger or Panther—five American tanks killed to one Tiger; 25 young Americans fried inside their weapons systems trying to knock out one enemy weapons system.

Essentially, the Germans and Russians were able to replace inferior armor weapons systems in their forces during World War II, but the Americans did not. At least the Brits put an efficient armor-defeating 17-pounder gun on their M-4s, thus reducing its vulnerability. The U.S. Army only partially replaced the M-4's popgun 75s with 76mm guns by May 1945.

The M-4 was most assuredly a tragic failure, and not "good enough."

*Colonel Wayne Long, USA (ret.)
Chester, Maryland*

Casting cannons

Thanks for the Revolutionary War cannon foundry map. It's the first I've seen that shows all of the casting sites. Nice work, and a good contribution to history.

*Bob Gordon
York, Maine*

We welcome your comments. Visit MHQmag.com or e-mail MHQeditor@weiderhistorygroup.com. Letters are edited for length and clarity.

■ Ask MHQ

Why not blockade the British Isles?

Q I have a question about the Battle of Britain in 1940. After the Fall of France, did the Germans ever consider putting a naval blockade around the British ports and English Channel, as the Union Navy did with the South during the Civil War? I would think the Germans could have laid mines and used their U-boat fleet and air force more effectively for a blockade, rather than sailing thousands of miles into the Atlantic to attack convoys.

Even if the blockade had been only partially successful, wouldn't the British have been starving and forced to surrender in a few months, saving the Germans the

risk of an invasion?

*Leonard Glickman
Somerset, Massachusetts*

A As a matter of fact, the Germans had had specialized mine-laying submarines since World War I, and in World War II both the subs and Luftwaffe aircraft laid millions of mines in an attempt to block the approaches to major British ports—just as the British did with German ports. That kept minesweeping craft on both sides busy throughout the conflict. But in World War II the Royal Navy was vastly more powerful than the Kriegsmarine. And when the Luftwaffe failed to achieve air superiority during the Battle of Brit-

ain, Germany was left at a disadvantage in the blockade war, as the Confederacy had been from 1861 on.

Like the Rebels, the German navy tried to pursue a global *guerre de course*, combining the efforts of surface warships, disguised armed merchant cruisers, and U-boats. But after the sinking of the battleship *Bismarck* on May 26, 1941, Adolf Hitler began involving himself more actively in naval affairs (in spite of his own admission that he knew nothing about such warfare). From that point on, things went rapidly downhill. After the failure of the High Seas Fleet to destroy a Russia-

bound convoy in the Battle of the Barents Sea on December 31, 1942, Hitler replaced Gross-admiral Erich Raeder with Karl Dönitz, putting virtually the entire German effort at sea on the shoulders of U-boat crews. By that time, however, given Allied improvements in antisubmarine warfare, the ultimate outcome was probably inevitable.

JON GUTTMAN, Weider History Group's research director, is the author of many military histories.

Something about military history you've always wanted to know? Send your question to MHQeditor@weiderhistorygroup.com, and we'll have an expert answer it.

At the Front

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■ **The War List**

Cold War Armageddon's Dubious Arsenal

Marc G. DeSantis discusses some of the strangest and most controversial nuclear weapons programs of the 20th century.

M28/M29 Davy Crockett

These man-portable recoilless rifles were designed to launch the 51-pound W54 atomic warhead, the smallest ever fielded by the United States, against targets at ranges up to two and half miles. The explosive power of the warhead was equivalent to just 10 tons of TNT, a mere fraction of that of the 160-kiloton atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. First deployed in 1962, the Crockett was a tactical weapon of last resort and was designed for use in the event of a European land war against the mighty Red Army. Oops factor: The 380-yard lethal radiation radius of the warhead, when paired with the launcher's short range of 437 yards, could have doomed its firing crew.

Project Pluto

The Supersonic Low Altitude Missile (SLAM) was a 1950s nuclear-engined, ramjet-propelled weapon designed to attack the Soviet Union in the event of World War III. In theory, this ultrafast Mach 3 cruise missile could stay aloft continuously and fly beneath Soviet air defenses to deliver its payload of up to 24 nuclear warheads. But the prototype for the locomotive-size Pluto leaked deadly radiation from its unshielded nuclear power plant and spewed radioactive debris in its exhaust. Pluto was considered too dangerous for the United States ever to deploy, and the project was canceled in 1964.



The M28 Davy Crockett, a 1960s portable weapons system, could launch conventional weapons—or a 51-pound atomic warhead.

Orbital X-Ray Laser

An orbiting antimissile system powered by the detonation of a nuclear device was the brainchild of renowned physicist Edward Teller. President Ronald Reagan's 1980s-era Strategic Defense Initiative, colloquially dubbed Star Wars, sought to turn Teller's idea into a workable reality. The goal was to

■ **Supply Lines**

In 205 BC Rome's Italian allies helped equip **General Scipio Africanus's Carthage expedition** with 40,000 javelins, spears, and pikes; 3,000 shields; 3,000 helmets; plus shipbuilding materials.

convert the X-ray energy from a single nuclear explosion into multiple laser beams aimed at destroying many Soviet nuclear missiles at once. The proposed operational plan for the X-ray laser foresaw many such systems circling the Earth to guard against nuclear strikes. Eventually, Star Wars was judged infeasible, given the state of technology at the time, and the program was halted in 1992.

MX Missile

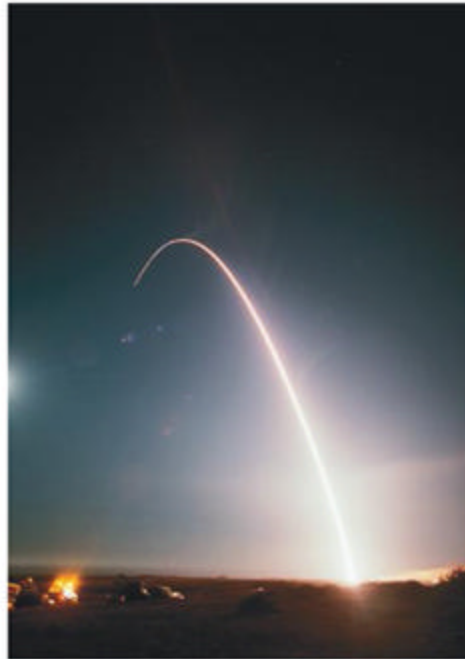
The American MX, or LGM-118A Peacekeeper, intercontinental ballistic missile was a technological marvel, able to carry 10 independently targetable 300-kiloton nuclear warheads to ranges of up to 6,800 miles. But Soviet ICBMs had become increasingly accurate by then, casting doubt on the survivability of American missiles, even when emplaced in hardened silos. Controversy quickly arose about how to base the new fleet of MX missiles. Many options were considered in the early 1980s, including constantly moving the missiles around on underground rails between hardened bunkers or above ground in rail cars and, according to an uncertain theory of “nuclear fratricide,” packing them so tightly in superhardened silos that detonating Soviet warheads would destroy other Soviet warheads striking at nearby silos. All the basing plans were rejected, and Congress later cut the MX program to just 50 missiles. In 1987 these were deployed in silos built for older Minuteman missiles. The last operational Peacekeepers were retired in 2005.

Unlucky K-19

The Soviet *Hotel*-class K-19 ballistic missile submarine was shoddily built at breakneck speed in order to deploy quickly a nuclear sub fleet equal to that of the United States. By the time the sub was completed, 10 workers and one crewman had perished as a result of construction accidents. Once in service, the K-19 proved to be a dangerous—and perhaps unlucky—vessel: On its first cruise in 1961 its onboard reactor suffered a total coolant failure. Eight brave crewmen went into the reactor compartment and erected a substitute coolant system to prevent a catastrophic nuclear meltdown. They saved the submarine but absorbed fatal doses of radiation and died within weeks of the K-19’s return to Russia. Another 14 crewmen died of radiation poisoning within two years of the incident, and all others who had been onboard incurred some kind of radiation-related illness.

AGM-48 Skybolt

The Skybolt was an American-made, aircraft-launched nuclear ballistic missile developed in the late 1950s. As the plan for it was envisioned, bombers carrying Skybolts would fly toward the Soviet Union and release their weapons well out of range of enemy air defenses. Tests of the missile, however, went very poorly, and President John F. Kennedy canceled the program in December 1962. Because Great Britain had wanted the Skybolt as the centerpiece of its own nuclear-deterrent force, the missile’s cancellation caused a diplomatic firestorm known as the Skybolt Crisis. Relations got back on track only when Kennedy agreed to supply submarine-launched Polaris missiles to Britain.



An MX Peacekeeper—America’s most powerful nuclear weapon—arcs across the California sky in a 1986 test launch at Vandenberg Air Force Base.

Tsar Bomba

Early nuclear bombs were dropped by aircraft, and because targeting was inaccurate, the bombs had to be very powerful to ensure the destruction of the intended objective. On October 30, 1961, above the Novaya Zemlya archipelago north of the Arctic Circle, the Soviets tested the most powerful nuclear weapon ever made. The massive, 27 metric-ton AN602 hydrogen bomb, or *Tsar Bomba* (Emperor Bomb), produced the explosive equivalent of 50

to 58 megatons of TNT, the largest man-made explosion in history and an estimated 10 times greater than the sum of all of the explosives used in World War II. Once ICBMs became more accurate, the need for bombs with gigantic explosive yields, such as the utterly impractical and one-off *Tsar Bomba*, disappeared.

The Dead Hand

In the 1970s, worried about a surprise nuclear attack that could leave their entire leadership dead with barely 13 minutes warning, the Soviets developed the Perimetr automated nuclear weapon control system. The computer-controlled Perimetr could detect via sensors whether the Soviet Union was under attack and if it was, launch an arsenal of nuclear missiles—even if all contact with the Kremlin had been lost. The only requirement for Perimetr to carry out a cataclysmic atomic assault was the OK of a lone duty officer in an underground bunker, obeying a system that was susceptible to malfunction. This still mysterious doomsday system is said to have been operational by January 1985, but the rest of the world did not learn of its existence for another eight years. Unconfirmed reports claim that Perimetr may still be operational. **MHQ**

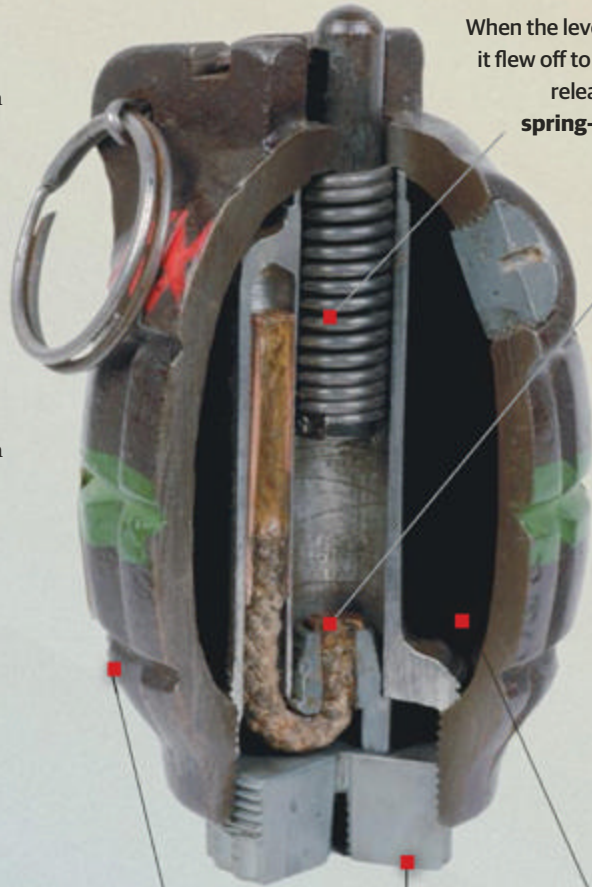
■ Weapons Check

Mills Bomb: Trench Terror

by Chris McNab

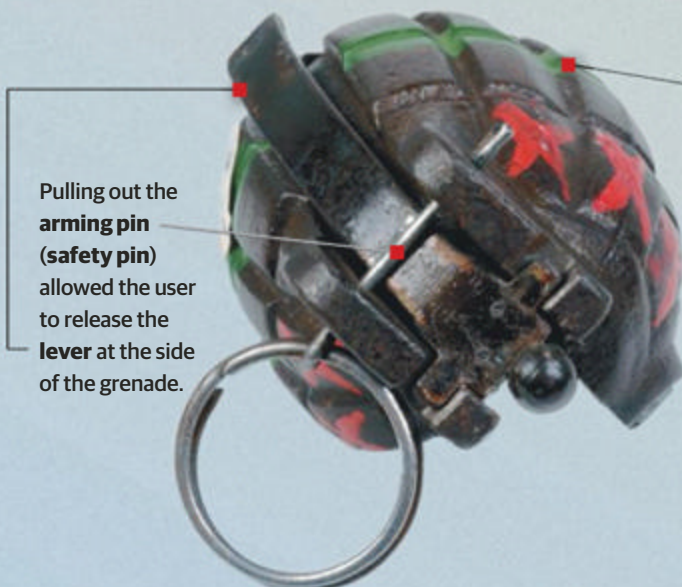
The Mills bomb, officially called the No. 5 hand grenade, is one of the most iconic weapons of the 20th century. Named after its British inventor, William Mills, who drew inspiration from the Belgian Roland grenade (1912), the bomb was introduced into British Army service in May 1915. Weighing 1.25 pounds and fitted with a four-second delay, it featured a distinctive serrated cast-iron outer casing. The design was to aid grip rather than fragmentation—fragmentation did not reliably follow the serrated sections—but the steel shards propelled by the Baratol charge (a mixture of TNT and barium nitrate) nevertheless retained lethality to 80 yards and beyond. A competent thrower could deliver the grenade accurately to ranges of 15 to 20 yards, and the grenade truly excelled in brutal trench-clearance operations. During British attacks, individual “bombers” would carry up to 24 Mills bombs in green canvas buckets, each man acting almost as a form of close-quarters artillery. The definitive Mills bomb iteration was the popular No. 36M of 1917, shown here, which was waterproofed with shellac. Lethal, handy, and plentiful (75 million were made between 1915 and 1918 alone), the Mills bomb was the standard British grenade until 1972, its longevity a testimony to the success of its design.

CHRIS McNAB is a military historian based in the United Kingdom. His latest work is *The Book of the Poppy* (History Press, 2014), commemorating the recent centenary of the onset of World War I.



When the lever was released, it flew off to the side, in turn releasing an internal **spring-loaded striker**.

The striker hit a percussion cap that ignited a **four-second fuse** linked to the detonator.



Pulling out the **arming pin (safety pin)** allowed the user to release the **lever** at the side of the grenade.

The **segmented cast-iron case** provided a better grip for muddy or oily hands, while a shellac coating waterproofed the components.

The **base plate** was screwed into a base plug when the grenade was used with a rifle-cup discharger.

The grenade was filled with 2.5 ounces of Baratol high-explosive, poured through an aperture.

■ Laws of War

NATO: An Evolving Alliance

by Marc G. DeSantis

World War II left Europe in ruins. Over 36 million Europeans had been killed and millions more made refugees; cities, towns, infrastructures, and economies had been left in tatters. And at war's end, looming over this shattered Europe was the specter of the massive Red Army. "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent," Winston Churchill warned in 1946. In the very center of it all stood Communist East Germany.

After the war the United States had largely demobilized its armed forces, but the Soviet Union had not, leaving Western Europe extremely vulnerable to

Soviet attack. While the Marshall Plan funneled significant American money and resources to the region, European political leaders believed that only when they had the security to resist Soviet intimidation and aggression would they be able to revive their economies. That kind of security could only come with the participation of the United States in a security alliance. Talks in that direction began in earnest in 1948, and on April 4, 1949, after much negotiating, the 14-article North Atlantic Treaty was signed in Washington, D.C., by representatives of 12 countries—the United States, Britain, Canada, Belgium, Denmark, France, Norway, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and Portugal. According to the treaty's preamble, NATO's member countries were "determined to safeguard the freedom, common heritage and civilisation of their peoples" by uniting "their efforts for collective defence and for the preservation of peace and security."

In July 1949 the U.S. Senate ratified the treaty by a vote of 82 to 13, but it had not been easy to get to that point, owing to Article 5. Arguably the most important part of the treaty, it stipulated that "an armed attack against one or more of [the organization's members] in Europe or

North America shall be considered an attack against them all." In practical terms, this meant the United States would respond with military force in the event of Soviet aggression. This defense provision was of paramount importance to the Europeans, but it was difficult to reconcile with the U.S. Constitution, which holds that only Congress has the power to declare war. The impasse was broken by American diplomat George Kennan, who modified the clause to read that each member nation could answer an attack with "such action as it deems necessary, *including the use of armed force*," thereby freeing members from a de rigueur military obligation.

While the North Atlantic Treaty made allies out of the signatory nations, it did not create a command structure that could direct their militaries. The need for better organization was thrown into stark relief by the Soviet Union's successful testing of an atomic bomb in 1949 and the beginning of the Korean War the following year. In 1950 NATO forces were placed under a single headquarters command outside Paris, and General Dwight D. Eisenhower was named Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. Since that time, the post has always been filled by an American general or admiral.

NATO has never maintained a standing army of its own or paid soldiers directly; that is left to the individual member states whose soldiers serve in their own national armed forces. Nor does NATO buy weaponry—with the exception of a squadron of AWACS surveillance aircraft purchased in the 1980s and deployed ever since.

During the Cold War the land forces at NATO's disposal came under the direction of Allied headquarters, which was further divided into regional commands for northern, central, and southern Europe. Maritime defense was entrusted to the Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, headquartered at Norfolk, Virginia. NATO's naval mission in the Atlantic was to keep open the vital



German KFOR (Kosovo Force) troops, part of the NATO peacekeeping coalition sent to quell a humanitarian crisis in Kosovo, enter the town of Prizren in June 1999, as locals cheer.

ocean supply lines to Europe in the face of an anticipated onslaught of Soviet subs, surface ships, and warplanes.

Though the treaty has not been altered in its six decades, the strategic stance of NATO has evolved with the times. In the 1950s the doctrine of “massive retaliation”—in which the United States would respond with large-scale use of nuclear weapons in response to even a conventional Soviet attack—dominated. In the 1960s the United States and NATO moved to the doctrine of Flexible Response, in which the alliance could choose from a wider range of responses to aggression, including nonmilitary ones. From 1969 to 1993, the American military participated in a series of annual NATO exercises known as “Reforger,” designed to ensure that additional forces could be deployed quickly to West Germany in the event of a full-scale Soviet attack.

With the dissolution of the Soviet Union and its own communist-bloc Warsaw Pact alliance in the late 1980s and early '90s, the original reason for NATO's existence disappeared, even as new challenges arose. The crumbling of communist regimes in Eastern Europe allowed suppressed ethnic hatreds to resurface, especially in the former Yugoslavia, where NATO intervened against Serbia to prevent ethnic cleansing in the breakaway region of Kosovo. The critical Article 5 of the treaty has been triggered only once: In the immediate aftermath of the 9/11 attacks on New York and Washington, D.C., NATO dispatched AWACS aircraft to patrol the east coast of the United States.

Today 28 nations, including some from the former Warsaw Pact, are members of NATO, and the organization's focus has shifted far from its 1950s,

nation-state, total-war approach. Violent extremism and the instability engendered by failed or rapidly changing states—such as Libya—has led NATO to reach beyond its member nations to undertake joint operations with provisional partners like the Arab League. But in every case its decisions are “the expression of the collective will of all 28 member countries since all decisions are taken by consensus.”

In the past decade NATO has faced its own internal battles. The 2008 recession hit European nations especially hard, making them ever more reluctant to devote scarce public funds to defense. NATO seemed destined to fade into strategic irrelevance. Yet its very existence has aggravated a newly assertive Russia

under Vladimir Putin. Ukraine's desire for closer links with Europe and the overthrow of the pro-Russian regime in Kiev in early 2014 caused Putin to move militarily against Ukraine, seizing Crimea and supporting pro-separatist rebels. Putin's aggression has revived the fears that led to NATO's founding. “This is the first time since the end of World War II that one European country has tried to grab another's territory by force,” declared NATO Secretary General Anders Fogh Rasmussen in September 2014. “Europe must not turn away from the rule of law to the rule of the strongest.” **MHQ**

Attorney MARC G. DeSANTIS is a frequent contributor to *MHQ's* War List and Laws of War.

■ Drawn and Quartered



As the Cold War catches fire, the tentacles of a militaristic, capitalistic American chimera sweep out to create worldwide havoc in this 1950 East German cartoon.

■ Speaking of...slaughter

The soldier by natural evolution has so perfected the mechanism of slaughter that he has practically secured his own extinction.

—Jan Bloch, 19th-century Russian scholar

■ Battle Schemes

Taking On the Turks (1821)

The Greek War of Independence raged on and off through the 1820s. When it was at last over, one of its heroes, General Yannis Makriyannis, wrote his *Memoirs*, covering the revolution and battles that finally freed Greece of the Ottoman yoke after almost 400 years.

Makriyannis wanted to illustrate those battles with paintings that would serve as historical “maps,” but the artist he initially approached couldn’t capture his vision. Then he found Panagiotis Zografos, who had also fought in the revolution. For three years, Makriyannis visited battlefields with Zografos (and perhaps Zografos’s artist sons). The result of the collaboration was a series of some 20 scenes, done in a distinctive, folk art style.

This painting depicts the Battle of Vassilika, fought near Thermopylae on August 25, 1821, the first year of the uprising. In the battle, the Greeks destroyed an Ottoman army on its way to relieve other Turkish forces in Attica. The victory kept the Ottomans out of the Peloponnese and secured central Greece for the insurgents, at least for a time.



PANAGIOTIS ZOGRAFOS/STAPLETON COLLECTION/CORBIS



Olmsted at War

Creating the U.S. Sanitary Commission

by K. M. Kostyal

Part watchdog, part nag, part angel of mercy, part organizing genius, Frederick Law Olmsted left landscape design behind to fight the Civil War on his own terms—battling for the health of the men waging it.

In July 1861 a slight, 39-year-old man with a limp (the result of a recent buggy accident) watched Washington, D.C., descend into a new kind of chaos as the survivors of the First Bull Run battle thronged the muddy, miasmic city. “Many regiments are but a mob... a disintegrated herd of sick monomaniacs,” he wrote to his wife in New York. The soldiers, “pale, grimy, with blood-shot eyes, unshaven, unkempt, sullen, fierce, feverish, weak, and ravenous,” slept in the streets, while their officers, by and large oblivious to their regiment’s whereabouts and condition, drank at the Willard Hotel. But the writer himself—Frederick Law Olmsted—was determined to “overcome in some details the prevailing inefficiency and misery.”

After a restless early manhood that took him to Europe and China, Olmsted had established himself first as a writer and then as a designer and superintendent of New York’s pioneering new urban park. In the former capacity he had made a long sweep through the antebellum South about a decade earlier, with an eye to understanding how slavery impacted the region and its economy, a subject—and lifestyle—he believed most Northerners had no true comprehension of. His articles on the subject had appeared in several newspapers, and his book *The Cotton Kingdom*, would be out later in that first year of the Civil War. More recently, Olmsted had spent

almost three years on upper Manhattan Island, turning a vast rock-ribbed wasteland “steeped in the overflow and mush of pig-sties, slaughterhouses, and bone-boiling works” into a “rural park” meant to humanize a city that was becoming increasingly crowded and industrialized. Central Park—the creation of Olmsted and his partner, the older, well-established Calvert Vaux—was to be far more than a decorative respite: It would bolster the physical and mental health of the city’s inhabitants.

The superintending of the park’s development had taught Olmsted how to han-

dle recalcitrant work crews and push through projects, even over the objections of his superiors. As the war began, then, Olmsted was well suited to his newest role as secretary general of the Sanitary Commission. The brainchild of Northern liberals, the commission hoped to harness the energy and resources of ladies’ relief societies and other organizations committed to helping Union troops at the front. Olmsted and his Sanitary Commission brethren had had to lobby hard for some kind of official sanction, and the month before Bull Run, President Lincoln had approved an executive order for a “Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces.” Privately, the president worried that such a commission might prove a problematic “fifth wheel to the coach” rather than any real help.

If Lincoln had his doubts about this extragovernmental commission, Olmsted had his about the president. “Lincoln has no element of dignity; no tact, not a spark of genius,” he wrote to his father the first summer of the war, adding that the president was, however, “an amiable, honest, good fellow. His cabinet is not that.” Olmsted was even less impressed with the army’s Medical Bureau and the 64-year-old surgeon general, Clement Alexander Finley, who preferred old methods to the new medical knowledge hard won in conflicts like the Crimean War and flowing out of European research. Despite the inevitability of an American war, the bureau had done little to organize, provision, or otherwise prepare for it. Olmsted was determined to have the Sanitary Commission make up for the bureau’s inadequacies.



Frederick Law Olmsted in 1857, at age 34. The following year he and Calvert Vaux won the competition to design Central Park.

After the Union defeat at Bull Run, Olmsted was convinced there was “but one sanitary measure to be thought of...and that is discipline.” Within days of the battle, seven Sanitary Commission inspectors, armed with 75 questions on conditions before, during, and after the fighting, were dispatched to 30 of the regiments that had fought. Olmsted compiled the results of the questionnaires in an inflammatory report “on the demoralization of the volunteers in the army,” in which the military and civil government were indicted by their own troops for poorly distributed rations, weak military organization, and bad officers. While it made the commission no friends in government, the report began the long process of improving conditions for the fighting man.

Meanwhile, Olmsted began streamlining the commission’s own operations, publishing bulletins about disease, wound treatment, medicines, and other health-related topics and distributing them to the medical men in the field. He also launched a public campaign to encourage civilians who wanted to donate clothing and other necessities to the troops to send their parcels to the Sanitary Commission for better distribution, and he made new arrangements for storing such items and then moving them quickly to the front when they were needed. All the while, Olmsted and his cohorts were battling on their own front—fending off critics determined to put the Sanitary Commission out of business and at the same time fighting to have Congress reform the moribund Medical Bureau.

In the spring of 1862, after “seven weary

months of hope deferred,” wrote Sanitary Commission treasurer and champion George Templeton Strong, a bill passed Congress “to increase the efficiency of that rheumatic, lethargic, paralytic, ossified, old institution.” Congress also appointed a new surgeon general, the vigorous, far-sighted 33-year-old William Hammond, an assistant surgeon in the bureau who had written reports critical of army hospitals.

That same spring, Olmsted headed to the Virginia Peninsula with McClellan’s army and his own small fleet of vessels, including a beat-up ocean liner turned troop transport that Quartermaster General Montgomery Meigs had given the Sanitary Commission. As it steamed down the Potomac in late April, Olmsted, the four surgeons, six medical students, 20 or so male nurses, and four women volunteers onboard worked to turn the

ship into a “floating hospital.” The commission’s smaller, shallow-draft vessels would collect the sick and wounded soldiers from land and carry them to the hospital ship. By early May, after the siege at Yorktown, that first floating hospital was on its way to New York with almost 200 patients on board and other ships had replaced it.

Throughout the long months of the Peninsula Campaign, unnecessary turf battles complicated treatment of the ailing. Old-guard army doctors resented volunteer surgeons; officers resented giving up men or matériel to medical needs; the Medical Bureau resented the efforts of the Sanitary Commission; and a lot of people resented Olmsted, who never stopped pushing to improve medical care. The troops needed more quinine to prevent malaria in that swampy,



Sanitary Commission wagons were on hand at Belle Plain, Virginia, the supply depot on the Potomac that Grant used as he began his Wilderness Campaign in the spring of 1864. By then Olmsted had left the Sanitary Commission, but his legacy continued.

mosquito-plagued coastal world, but lacking the necessary amounts, the army was losing about 6 percent of its force to illness every 10 days, according to one doctor's estimate. Olmsted also urged that each army corps have no less than one medical "depot" close behind the line of fire. "Such an arrangement would have saved many lives after the battle of Fair Oaks," Olmsted wrote to Surgeon General Hammond.

In one month that spring the Sanitary Commission spent \$22,000 to supply the Medical Bureau and itself with cots, beds, medicine, food, and more. Its volunteers manned food stations, offering hot soup or "piles of fresh bread and pots of coffee" to troops, who sometimes hadn't eaten for days. "As for sick-food, stimulants, drinks &c., such things scarcely exist in the medical mind of the army," one commission worker reported, "and there was not even a pail or a cup to distribute food, had there been any." Olmsted worried that the men fighting in Virginia had a choice of dying by quick bleeding or slow starvation. And with the war's end nowhere in sight, the misery of that spring and early summer seemed to presage the same for years to come.

Through those years, the Sanitary Commission had two great enemies—the war and the Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton. Angered at the commission's meddling in bureau affairs and in having the surgeon general replaced, Stanton never mentioned the commission's name "without a curse." The commission's George Templeton Strong quipped that Stanton himself would do his country the "most service as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Heaven." With no sign of that on the horizon in 1862, Olmsted and the Sanitary Commission continued to fight the good fight. In the September aftermath of Antietam, the commission urged New York physicians to the front and dispatched to the field over 28,700 shirts, towels, pillows, bedding material, bandages; 10 pounds of chloroform; 3,100 pounds of farina; 2,600 pounds of con-

densed milk; 5,000 pounds of cured meats and beef stock; and many more pounds of other supplies, including tin cups.

Battle followed battle, and the Sanitary Commission kept up its drumbeat: The healthier the men were, the better they would fight. But that health required reasonable diets (with among other things vegetables and dried fruit high in Vitamin C to prevent scurvy), warm clothes (something one head of the Union armies, Major General Henry Halleck, characterized as "effeminating comforts"), medicines, field hospital facilities, and campsites where sanitary conditions (including properly placed and constructed latrines) were a priority. Olmsted and Hammond also worked on a proposal for an official ambulance corps to transport the wounded quickly, but Stanton predictably quashed the idea (later in the war it was implemented).

Despite the war secretary's opposition, things slowly improved for Union troops, thanks to the ceaseless work of Hammond and Olmsted. "He works like a dog all day and sits up nearly all night," one commission member said of Olmsted. His diligence was helped along by a large infusion of cash that began making its way from the California goldfields to the coffers of the Sanitary Commission in the fall of 1862. By war's end the total received from California was close to \$1.5 million.

In the summer of 1863, as Lee moved north and the Army of the Potomac followed after him, Olmsted anticipated carnage and moved food (some via refrigerated freight car) and medical supplies into the vicinity of Gettysburg, even before the battle. "Our regular wagon force was

on the ground during the battle," he wrote his wife, "and the wagons visited all the field hospitals as fast as they were established and hours before they received supplies from other quarters."

Olmsted's long work on the Sanitary Commission was at last reaping real rewards for the men at the front. His unrelenting push to improve battlefield conditions, however, had cost him the confidence of the commission's own executive committee. Even Treasurer Strong called Olmsted "wary, shrewd, and never sanguine." Certainly, Olmsted had become wary—of his own standing in the commission—and he was shrewd enough to recognize how precarious his position was. In August 1863 he learned that a huge gold-mining operation in California's Sierra Nevada foothills, the Mariposa

Estate, wanted him as superintendent of their 70 square miles of villages, mines, and wilderness. Leaving the war and his crushing and increasingly thankless duties with the Sanitary Commission behind, Olmsted moved West.

The commission soldiered on to the end of the war and beyond. The prime mover behind its founding, Henry Bellows, worked hard to have the commission's achievements and lessons acknowledged and adopted internationally and was annoyed to find it being overshadowed by a new organization calling itself the Red Cross.

As for Olmsted's personal achievements in the Civil War, his greatest accolades came from the wounded and ill, the hungry, thirsty, despondent men he helped in the field. After Antietam one soldier wrote, "I would rather have Mr. Olmsted's fame than that of any general in this war since its beginning." **MHQ**



Badge worn by Sanitary Commission workers during the Civil War

Horsing Around



With the Philippines in peril, American cavalrymen rode in an unlikely but successful charge.

The Japanese were advancing from northern Luzon, in the Philippines, and “Skinny” Wainwright was fighting mad. It was January 16, 1942. Major General Jonathan Wainwright climbed from his green Packard scout car in Bagac, a village on the Bataan Peninsula. The American had come to confront Brigadier General Fidel Segundo, commander of the Philippine 1st Division, who had withdrawn infantry from Morong, a village about four miles north. Wainwright ordered the Filipinos back to Morong. Also in Bagac were remnants of the U.S. Army’s 26th Cavalry Regiment. Wainwright, a cavalry veteran, recognized one officer.

“Ramsey, isn’t it?” Wainwright barked. “You played in the polo match at Stotsenburg? You take the advance guard. Move out!”

Army Captain John Wheeler, who was standing beside First Lieutenant Edwin Ramsey, explained that Ramsey was among troopers just ordered to the rear after a grueling reconnaissance. Ramsey was only on hand because he knew the area and had volunteered to help, Wheeler said.

“Never mind!” said Wainwright. “Ramsey, move out!”

From “Last Gallop,” by DAVID SEARS, *World War II*, March/April 2015

Decision Time at Appomattox



His army was crumbling and the Yankees were everywhere. Could one more gamble work?

All around him, his soldiers were ragged and hungry. Desperate attempts in the last week to feed, clothe, and arm them had been thwarted. Half his troops had been captured, killed, or wounded—or had just left. Enemy armies surrounded him now; decision time had come.

Robert E. Lee huddled with his commanders by a low bivouac in the south-central Virginia countryside, the rooftops of the village of Appomattox Court House just visible above the tree line. “There was no tent there, no table, no chairs, and no camp-stools,” Major General John Brown Gordon recalled. “On blankets spread upon the ground or on saddles at the roots of the trees we sat around the great commander. . . . No tongue or pen will ever be able to describe the unutterable anguish of Lee’s commanders as they looked into the clouded face of their beloved leader and sought to draw from it some ray of hope.”

From his makeshift headquarters just northeast of the village, Lee knew he had only two choices: attack the Federals at dawn and try to break out, or surrender. He and his commanders rested by the fire and considered each.

Maybe only Union cavalry stood between his army and escape. If he could break out, could the Confederate armies keep fighting until war-weary Northerners let the Southern states go? If he surrendered, what would the fate of Southern people be?

From “Lee’s Last-Ditch Effort,” by TAMELA BAKER, *America’s Civil War*, March 2015

Trapped at Bien Hoa



A sentry from a U.S. air base gets caught in the crossfire in a Viet Cong attack during the Tet Offensive.

The sergeant and I had become mixed in with the enemy soldiers in a field dominated by grass 8 to 10 feet high. We raced through it in the general direction of the flight line, and once in the open, we threw ourselves down in a small depression. Our location was not good; we were still short of the flight line and in enemy territory. And thanks to a dead radio battery, the sergeant was unable to inform the command post of our new position.

A lone Huey passed above us. The cabin side door slid open, and an officer from our squadron peered down at us. We frantically waved our hands. Our message was acknowledged with a salute; we’d been found at last, and we assumed that the command post would be alerted.

Unfortunately, no one got the word. Shortly after the Huey departed, we received blistering machine gun fire from one of our own security alert teams behind us. We tried desperately to become one with the dirt in that little hollow of earth as the bullets began striking the ground just feet in front of us, closer and closer to our heads, kicking up big plumes of dirt that fell down on us.

From “‘Big Ears Three’ and the Battle of Bien Hoa,” by EDWARD H. PHILLIPS, *Vietnam*, April 2015



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This Terrible Truth

The defense of Stalingrad, October 1942, from the inside

by Vasily Grossman, edited and translated by Antony Beevor

Vasily Grossman (1905–1964), chronicler of the Eastern Front from 1941 to 1945, correspondent for Krasnaya Zvezda (Red Star), the Soviet army newspaper, was one of the finest reporters of World War II. An educated Jew from Ukraine who never joined the Communist Party, he was also a novelist and a brilliant—and very lucky—truth teller who was always at the sharp point of epic fighting. Grossman’s wartime notebooks were translated by Luba Vinogradova and military historian Antony Beevor, who edited and commented upon Grossman’s firsthand accounts for A Writer at War (2005). Beevor’s comments are shown in italics and brackets in the excerpt below, from Grossman’s reporting on the 308th Rifle Division of Siberians’ defense of the silicate works in Stalingrad in October 1942.

On witnessing the war’s finale at Treblinka, the Nazi death camp, Grossman wrote: “Someone might ask: ‘Why write about this, why remember all that?’ It is the writer’s duty to tell this terrible truth, and it is the civilian duty of the reader to learn it.” Grossman took his duty very seriously and labored over his eyewitness descriptions, such as this one of the no-quarter fighting in Stalingrad.

Germans were on the edge of the plant. That was in the afternoon of the 2nd. Some of them took cover, others ran away. A Kazakh was escorting three prisoners. He was wounded. He took out a knife and stabbed the three prisoners to death. A tankist, a big red-haired man, jumped out of his tank in front of Changov’s command post when he ran out of shells. He grabbed some bricks and [started throw-

ing them at] the Germans, effing and blinding. The Germans turned on their heels and ran.

The men’s spirits were high, they had had some experience of fighting. Their ages ranged from 23 to 46. Most of them were Siberians, from Omsk, Novosibirsk, and Krasnoyarsk. Siberians are more stocky, more reserved, more stern. They are hunters, they are more disciplined, more used to cold and hardship. There wasn’t a single case of desertion [en route to Stalingrad]. When one of them dropped his rifle, he ran three kilometers after the train and caught up. They aren’t talkative, but are witty, and have sharp tongues.

“We’re used to ‘whistlers’ [Stukas]. We even get bored when the Germans aren’t whistling. When they are whistling, this means they aren’t throwing anything at us. They started attacking the silicate plant on the night of 2 October. The whole of Markelov’s regiment was killed or wounded. There were only eleven men left. The Germans had taken the whole plant by the evening of the 3rd. Our instruction was: not one step back. The commander was wounded heavily, the commissar was killed.

“We began to defend a destroyed and burning street in front of the sculpture garden. No one came back from the fighting. They all died on the spot. The climax came on 17 October. The enemy kept bombing us day and night on the 17th, 18th, and 19th. Two German regiments started to advance.

“The attack began at 5 in the morning and the battle went on for the whole day. They broke through on a flank and cut off the command post. The regiment fought for two to three days from house

to house, and the command post was in the fighting, too. The commander of the 7th Company with 12 men took out a company of Germans in a gully. They got out of there during the night, then they occupied a house. There were 20 of them in a grenade battle, fighting for floors, for stairs, for corridors, for rooms.

“Kalinin, the deputy chief of staff, killed 27 men and hit four tanks with an antitank rifle. There were 80 workers and a security company at the plant. Only three or four of them survived. They had never received any military training. Their commander was a young worker, a communist, and they were attacked by a regiment of Germans.

“On 23 October, fighting began inside the plant. Workshops were on fire, as well as railways, roads, trees, bushes, and grass. At the command post, Kushnarev and the chief of staff, Dyatlenko, were sitting in the ‘tube’ with six submachine gunners. They had two boxes of grenades and they beat the Germans off. The Germans had brought tanks to the plant. The workshops changed hands several times. Tanks destroyed them, firing at point-blank range. Aircraft were bombing us day and night. A captured German, a teacher, told us on the 27th about the strict order to reach the Volga. His hands were black, there were lice in his hair. He began to sob.”

Mikhalyev, Barkovsky, Chief of Staff Mirokhin have all been killed. They all received posthumous awards.... Submachine gunner Kolosov was buried up to his chest in earth. He was stuck there laughing: “This makes me mad!” The signals platoon commander, Kham-



From the Nazi invasion in 1941 to the apocalyptic finale in 1945, *Red Star* correspondent Vasily Grossman witnessed the fighting—here in Schwerin, Germany—on the Eastern Front.

itsky, was sitting by the entrance of his bunker reading a book during a heavy bombing raid. Gurtyev [the divisional commander] became angry.

“What’s the matter with you?”

“I’ve nothing else to do. He’s bombing and I read a book.”

Mikhalyev was very much loved. When someone now asks: “How are things?” “Well, what can I say?” [comes the answer]. “It’s as if we’d lost a father. He had pity for his men. He spared them.”

Liaison Officer Batrakov, a chemist, black haired and wearing spectacles, walked 10 to 15 kilometers every day. He would come in to headquarters, clean his glasses, report on the situation and go back. He arrived at exactly the same time every day.

“It was quiet on the 12th and 13th [of October], but we understood what this quietness meant. On the 14th, [the enemy] began firing at the divisional command post with a Vanyusha [a German multi-barreled smoke mortar]. [The bunker] became blocked up with earth, but we got out. We lost 13 or 14 men at the command post. A thermite shell makes a hollow noise. It hits one’s ears. At first, there’s a creaking noise: ‘Aha! Hitler’s started playing [his violin],’ and one has time to hide. Vladimirsky was dying to go to the toilet, he suffered so much until nightfall. He wanted to take a mess tin from a soldier.”

Workshop No. 14 started to burn from the inside: When Ivan Andryushenko

was killed, the regimental commissar (holder of four medals, Lieutenant Colonel Kolobovnikov, a man with a face of stone) telephoned the command post and started to speak: “Comrade Major-General, may I report?” He stopped, then said, sobbing: “Vanya is dead,” and hung up.

A “hired” tankist [the commander of a tank attached to the infantry]: They gave him chocolate, vodka, and collected his ammunition for him. And he worked like an ox. They thought the world of him in the regiment.

“We had grenades, submachine guns, and 45mm [antitank] guns. Thirty tanks attacked. We were scared. This was the first time it happened to us! But no one ran away. We started firing at the armor. The tanks were crawling over deep slits. A Red Army soldier would take a look and laugh: ‘Dig deeper!’”

Postmen: Makarevich, with a little beard, a peasant, with his little bag, with little envelopes, postcards, letters, newspapers. Karnaukhov has been injured. There are three wounded and one killed....When he was wounded, Kosichenko tore the pin from the grenade with his teeth.

[Grossman wrote up the story of the attack on the 308th Rifle Division for Red Star, and it was published just over a month later under the title “Axis of the Main Attack.” David Ortenberg, the paper’s editor, wrote a little later about Grossman’s interviewing technique. “All the correspondents attached to the Stalingrad Front were amazed how Grossman had made the divisional commander, General Gurtiev, a silent and reserved Siberian,



talk to him for six hours without a break, telling him all that he wanted to know, at one of the hardest moments [of the battle].”

Grossman may have been influenced by the superstitions of the frontoviki, [the soldiers evacuated from the front], the result of living constantly with death in its

most unpredictable form, but he also had his own as a writer. His editor was entertained to find that Grossman believed it was bad luck to seal up your own letters and packages. “When he wrote another of his essays, he would ask Gekhman, who often accompanied him on trips to

the front: ‘Efim, you’ve got a light hand. Could you take my material, seal the envelope with your own hands and send it to Moscow?’”

Ortenberg, a hardened Communist Party journalist, was also amused by how carefully Grossman checked the final



In the rubble that was all that remained of the city of Stalingrad, Grossman lived alongside the young Red Army soldiers who fought, sacrificed, and died in 1942—and who finally halted the German army's advance. Grossman's is the finest eyewitness account of that turning-point struggle.

ROGER-VIOLETTE/THE IMAGE WORKS

printed version of his articles. "I remember how he would change when a newspaper with his essay in it arrived. He was so happy. He would reread his essay, checking how one or another phrase sounded. He, an experienced writer, simply worshipped the printed word." Ortenberg may well have been a little disingenuous in this description. Grossman was often furious at the way his articles were rewritten and chopped about. He wrote in a letter to his wife, Olga Mikhailovna, on 22 October:

I've written an angry letter to the editor and now await his reply not without interest. I wrote about a bureaucratic attitude and officials' tricks on the editorial board.

In fact, Grossman's prose was probably interfered with less than that of most other journalists. Ortenberg openly acknowledged that much of the newspaper's popularity was due to Grossman. Even the Party hacks in Moscow were well aware of the determination which his prose gave to the soldiers of the Red Army, to say nothing of the whole population. It had far more effect than the most impassioned Stalinist clichés.]

It is only here that people know what a kilometer is. A kilometer is one thousand meters. It is one hundred thousand centimeters. Drunken [German] submachine gunners pushed on with a lunatic stubbornness. There is no one now who can tell how Markelov's regiment fought.... Yes, they were simply mortals and none of them came back.

Several times during the day, German artillery and mortars would suddenly fall silent, and the squadrons of dive-bombers would disappear. An incomprehensible quietness would ensue. It was then that the lookouts would shout: "Watch out!" and those in forward positions would grip their Molotov cocktails, men in antitank units would open their canvas ammunition bags and submachine gunners would wipe their [weapons] with the palms of their hands. This

brief quietness preceded an attack.

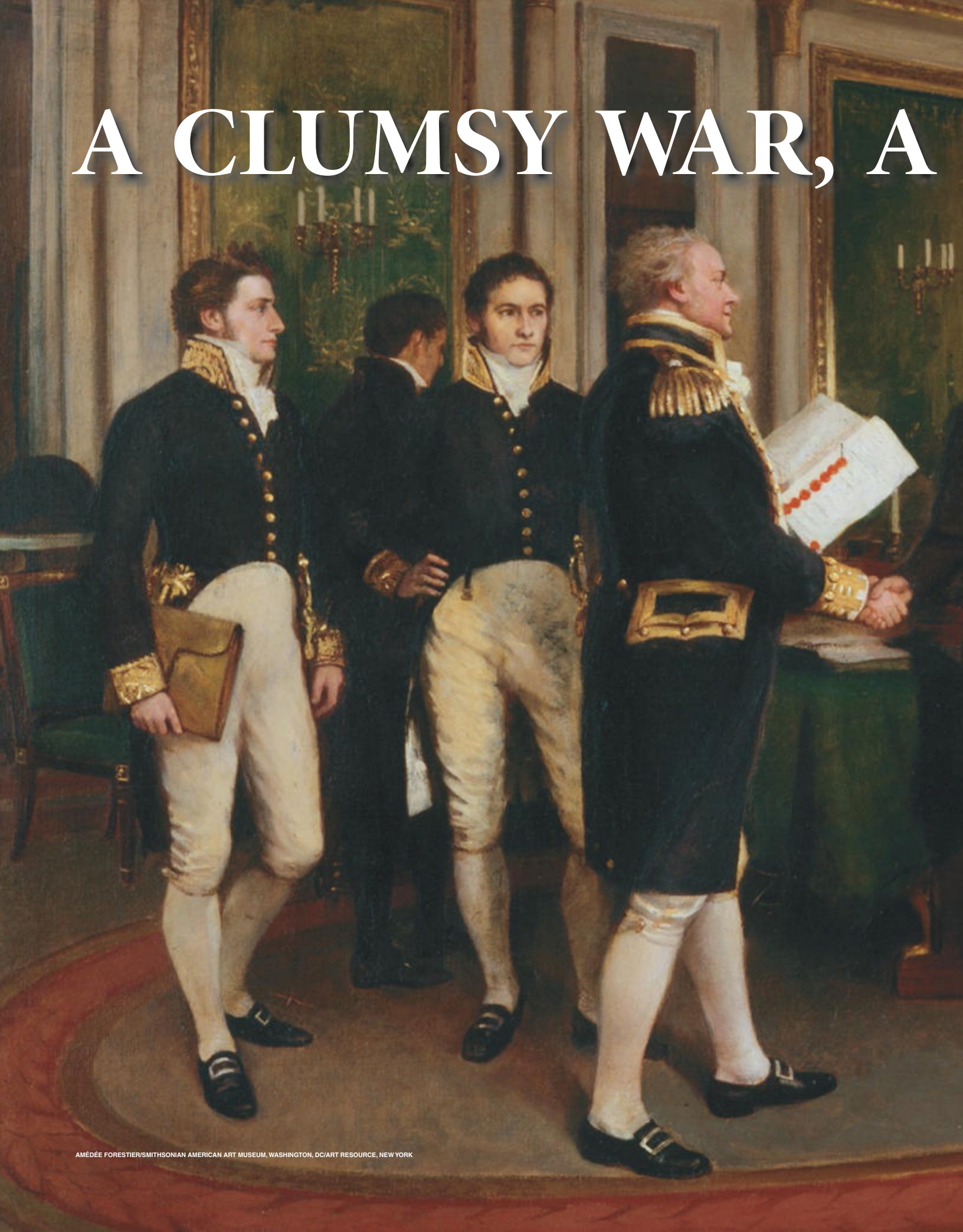
It wasn't long before the clang of hundreds of caterpillars and the low humming of motors would announce the movement of tanks. A lieutenant shouted: "Watch out, comrades! Submachine gunners are infiltrating on the left!" Sometimes the Germans got so close that the Siberians saw their dirty faces and torn greatcoats, and heard their guttural shouts....

Looking back now, one can see that heroism was present during every moment of daily life for people in the division. There was the commander of a signals platoon, Khamitsky, who was sitting peacefully on a hillock reading a novel while a dozen German Stukas dived down roaring, as if about to attack the earth itself. And there was liaison officer Batrakov, who would carefully clean his glasses, put reports into his field bag, and set out on a 20-kilometer walk through the "death ravine" as if it were a Sunday walk in the park. There was the submachine gunner Kolosov who, when an explosion buried him in a bunker up to his neck, turned his face to Deputy Commander Spirin and laughed. There was a typist at the headquarters, Klava Kopylova, a fat red-cheeked girl from Siberia, who had begun typing a battle order at the headquarters and was buried by an explosion. They dug her out and she went to type in another bunker. She was buried again and dug out again. She finally finished typing the order in the third bunker and brought it to the divisional commander to sign. These were the people fighting on the axis of the main attack.

MHQ

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A CLUMSY WAR, A



LASTING PEACE

A historical painting depicting the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. Several men in 18th-century attire are gathered in a grand room with columns and a chandelier. John Quincy Adams is in the center, holding a red folder.

The Treaty of Ghent, skillfully negotiated in 1814 by John Quincy Adams (center), ended the War of 1812 with Britain, preserved American rights and territories, and opened the West to expansion

BY WILLARD STERNE RANDALL

During the more than two decades of almost constant warfare in Europe that followed the French Revolution, Britain and France formed and realigned alliances, and the United States became entangled between them. Admiral Nelson's decisive victory over the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar in 1805 had forced Napoleon to abandon his dream of invading the British Isles, but the French emperor had retaliated—setting out to destroy the British economy by cutting off its vital import-export trade with the Continent.

Britain also took action. Deploying its 900-ship navy, it cordoned off Europe with a blockade that severed France from its overseas empire. The United States, asserting the doctrine of neutral rights, developed the second largest merchant fleet in the world as it absorbed the French Caribbean trade. Between 1792 and 1807, the American carrying trade with both combatants expanded fivefold.

It was helped along by the many seamen who deserted the Royal Navy, exchanging brutal, lifelong discipline for more lenient, limited tours of service at higher pay on U.S. ships. British naval historian Brian Arthur estimates that by 1807, of the 55,000 American sailors involved in overseas trade, fully 40 percent had been born in England and Ireland. The Royal Navy, seeking to maintain full complements aboard its blockading ships, stopped and searched some 400 American vessels, scouring them for deserters. Between 1796 and 1812 the British impressed 9,991 American sailors.

The War of 1812 came on by decrees. After Napoleon achieved a brilliant military victory at Jena in 1806, he inaugurated his Continental System with the Berlin Decree, a blockade in reverse that closed all European ports to Britain and subjected all goods of British origin to French confiscation. After his victory at Friedland in 1807, he extended the system to include Russia and the Baltic states.

In January Britain had responded to Napoleon by issuing Orders in Council that expanded its own blockade. The first of 14 such orders in 1807, it allowed the Royal Navy to control the European coastal trade by banning direct neutral trading with the ports of Britain's enemies. A subsequent order allowed neutral ships to call at British ports, unload for inspection, pay customs duties of 25 percent, and purchase a license before going on to enemy ports. Napoleon retaliated with his Milan Decree, extending to neutrals the embargo on goods destined for the ports of Britain and her allies, Spain and Portugal. He also ordered confiscation of any ship obeying Britain's Orders in Council.

Britain insisted that it had no desire to stop all trade to the Continent but merely to recapture the lion's share from the predominant neutral nation, the United States. But in tightening its blockade of Napoleon-controlled Europe, the British

were seizing all ships bound to or from the Continent and destroying or seizing neutral ships on the Baltic and North Seas, including many Russian vessels.

President Thomas Jefferson believed he could coerce Britain and France into abandoning their arbitrary decrees without going to war. An American nonimportation act of 1806 had barely taken effect when he imposed the more drastic Embargo Act of 1807, prohibiting maritime commerce with foreign states. The embargo did not exactly bring London and Paris to their knees. Instead, in one year the act destroyed 80 percent of U.S. import-export trade and brought on the worst depression since the Revolution. The net tonnage of foreign vessels entering U.S. ports dropped by 50 percent. Jefferson's measure slashed imports from \$144 million in 1807 to \$58 million in 1808 and commensurately slashed customs duties, the main source of the government's revenues. A few days before Jefferson's presidency ended, Congress repealed the hated Embargo Act.

James Madison, Jefferson's protégé and the architect of the embargo, succeeded him. Two days after his inauguration, Madison appointed the first American minister plenipotentiary to Russia. With his own ships affected by the European blockade, Tsar Alexander understood that his government had common interests with the Americans and had approached them to establish diplomatic relations. Madison chose the best-qualified American as minister to Russia—the 41-year-old John Quincy Adams. The second president's son, Adams had spent nearly half his life as a diplomat to the courts of Europe or in the U.S. Congress, where he had distinguished himself for nonpartisan, independent thinking. Once in Russia, he worked carefully to cultivate relations with the extroverted young tsar and emerged as the dean of foreign diplomats. The scholarly Adams seemed able to open many doors, in part because of his relationship with Alexander; in St. Petersburg the two could be observed conversing, sometimes during long walks along the broad, tree-lined road to Tsarskoye Selo, the tsar's country residence, sometimes as they rode together along the Neva River. At his first meeting with Adams, the tsar had praised the U.S. "system" as "wise and just" and criticized the "obstinate adherence of England to a system of maritime pretensions which was neither liberal nor just."

By 1811 war fever was sweeping through the United States, brought on not only by incessant British impressment but by fear of Indian warfare on the western frontier. Native American leader and strategist Tecumseh, traveling widely, was winning over supporters to a tribal confederation aimed at stopping further white expansion westward. A deadly attack on Tippecanoe, his capital, had only driven Tecumseh closer to the British, who were arming the Indians.

As panic swept the frontier, a war hawk faction swept off-year congressional elections, and its leading spokesman, Kentuckian Henry Clay, became speaker of the house. The upshot was a declaration of war against Britain on June 18, 1812; it

passed the Senate 19 to 13, the closest war vote in American history, with Federalist New England dissenting. Meanwhile, in Britain, the Privy Council had rescinded its more odious Orders in Council. Hostilities had already broken out along the Canadian frontier by the time British Admiral John Borlase Warren sailed from London with the news of the Crown's about-face. Poor communications would dog American and British leaders throughout the war.

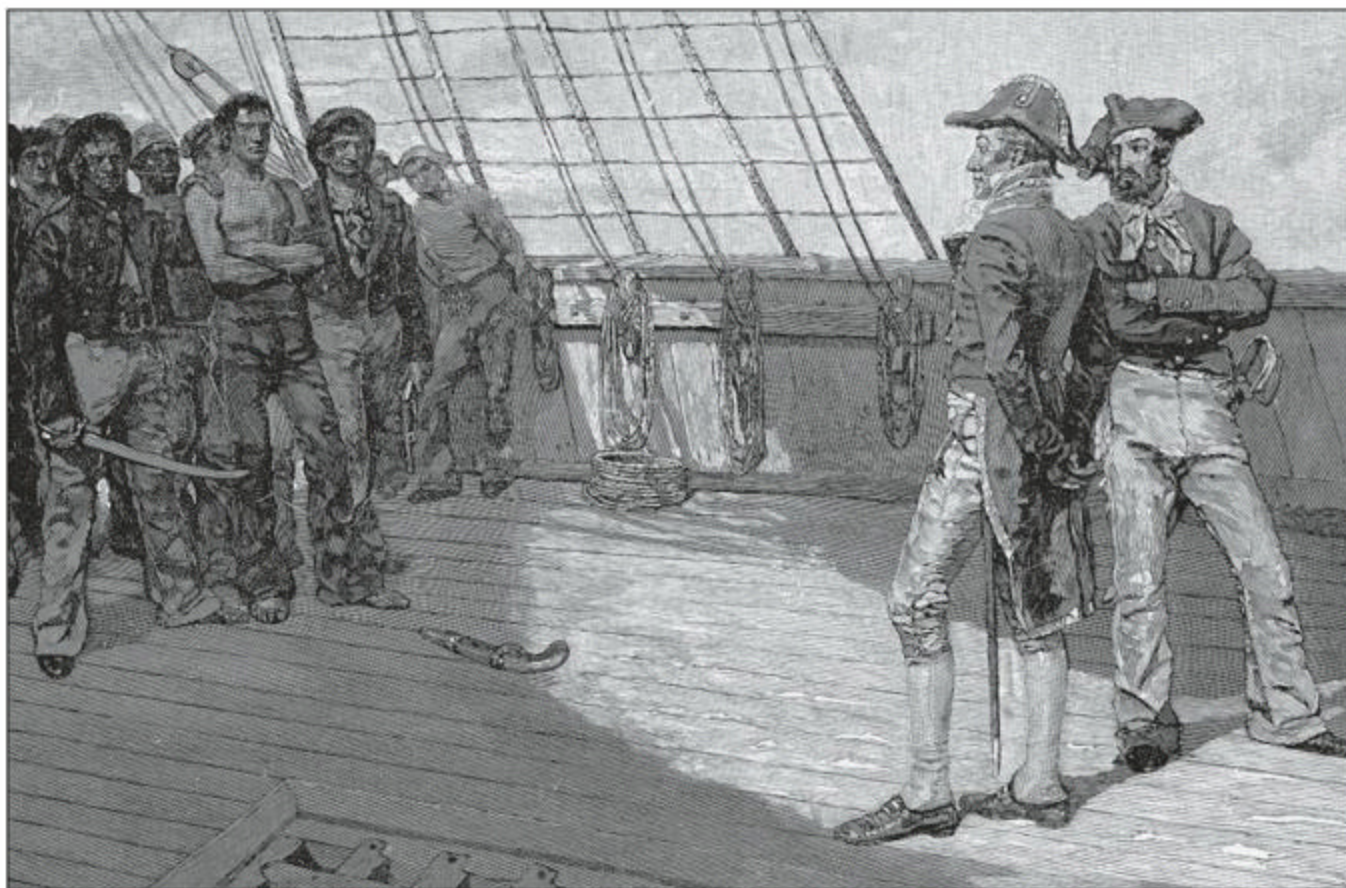
On September 21, 1812, with Napoleon's victorious army in Moscow, Count Nikolai Rumiantsev, the Russian foreign minister, summoned Adams. Adams wrote in his diary that the tsar, who had made a recent alliance with Britain, was "much concerned and disappointed" that "the whole benefit" of his "having made peace and re-established relations" with England was being "lost by the new war" between the United States and Britain. Alexander detected "on both sides a reluctance at engaging and prosecuting this war," and thought "perhaps an amicable arrangement of the differences" could be accomplished by "indirect rather than by a direct negotiation." Adams still had not received official communication of the declaration of war from Washington, but he assured the tsar that, in his opinion, America was acting with "extreme

reluctance." Adams also transmitted to Washington the tsar's offer to mediate.

When Madison received the Russian offer—fully five months later—he accepted before ascertaining British concurrence to the negotiations. By then Napoleon had retreated from Moscow, his failure there portending a future British onslaught against the United States by veteran troops now freed from Europe to fight elsewhere. Madison hurriedly selected peace commissioners: Adams; Jonathan Russell, *chargé d'affaires* in London; and Secretary of the Treasury Albert Gallatin. A Swiss-born minor noble, Gallatin was intimately familiar

By 1811 war fever was sweeping through the United States

with European trade, politics, and diplomacy. Madison also recruited Henry Clay, leader of the pro-war faction in Congress, and added Federalist senator James Bayard of Delaware to balance the delegation politically. The tsar had proposed Gothenberg, Sweden, as the site for the peace talks, but the



British impressment of American seamen began in earnest at the end of the 18th century and only escalated in the first decade of the 19th, creating mounting tensions between Britain and its rebellious former colonies, the newly minted United States.

British, wary of the tsar's pro-American proclivities, refused. They insisted the Americans choose between London and Ghent, once the medieval capital of Flanders. The Americans would not negotiate in the enemy's capital, so Ghent became the *de facto* choice.

The 19th-century realities of long-distance communication and travel by sea being what they were, the American delegates did not actually converge in Ghent until the summer of 1814, taking up close quarters in Lovendeghem, a rented mansion. Before they could hope to achieve peace with Britain, they had to make peace among themselves. After they dined together for the first time, Adams, head of the delegation, vowed to eat alone. "They sit after dinner and drink bad wine and smoke cigars, which neither suits my habits nor my health, and absorbs

time which I cannot spare." Adams preferred to write while his colleagues relaxed. After a few choice words of unsolicited advice from the gregarious Henry Clay, Adams consented to rejoin the group, but he refused to share their nightly excursions to the city's revelries. When the puritanical Adams arose at 4:30 in the morning to study his Bible, Henry Clay's all-night gambling parties in the next room were just breaking up.

On August 7, 1814, as a British invasion armada approached the North Carolina coast, the British negotiators finally arrived. They summoned the Americans to meet them at the *Hôtel des Pays-Bas*, a former Carthusian monastery. Adams balked at this "offensive pretension to superiority." He preferred a neutral location, but he nonetheless went along with his fellow commissioners to meet the British delegation.



The lead British negotiator, Lord James Gambier, was a former Lord of the Admiralty who had destroyed the Danish fleet and shelled Copenhagen in 1807, earning him the peerage. Henry Goulburn, a member of Parliament and career bureaucrat, had served as undersecretary of state for war and the colonies. The third delegate, Dr. William Adams, was an Oxford-educated admiralty lawyer. John Quincy Adams, no relation and a lawyer himself, considered the doctor a “blunderbuss of the law.”

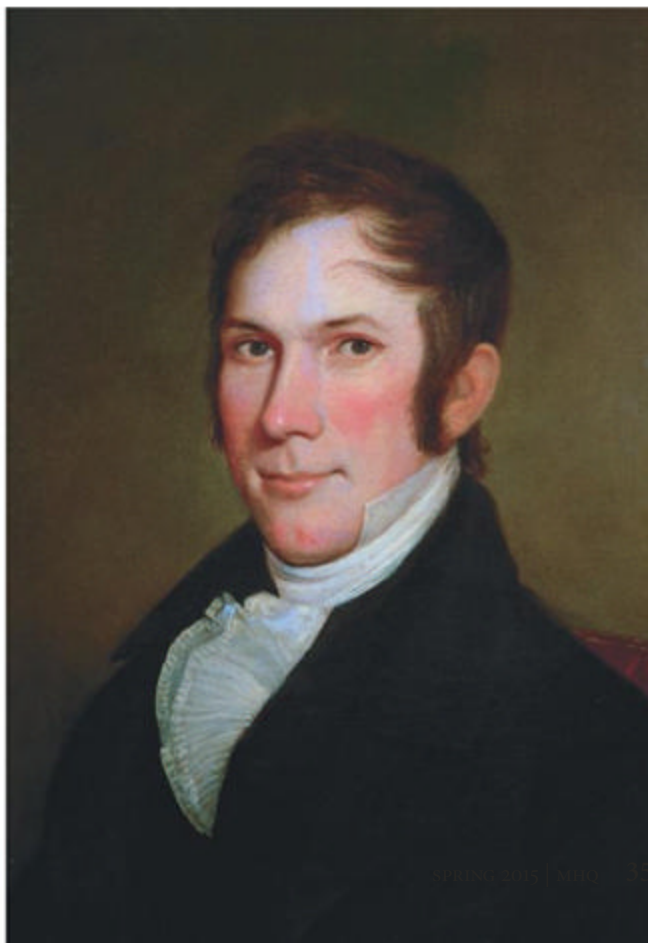
The peace talks commenced to a drumbeat of dismal battlefield news for the Americans, from bloody stalemate on the Niagara frontier to British pillaging in the Chesapeake. Goulburn confidently announced British demands: American surrender of the Maine district of Massachusetts and creation of a 250,000-square-mile Indian buffer state in the Old Northwest that would encompass present-day Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and much of Ohio and Minnesota; this was intended to block American settlement in the vast Louisiana Purchase. In addition, the British demanded the abrogation of American rights to dry codfish on Canadian shores, a privilege hard-won by John Adams in the 1783 Treaty of Paris and considered indispensable to New England’s vital cod fisheries.

Between carving out a vast Indian buffer state and dropping the international boundary line by at least 100 miles, these demands meant that the United States stood to lose about one-third of its land, a territory the size of Great Britain. For the British, the Indian reserve was a *sine qua non* in the treaty negotiations. Moreover, the British refused to discuss impressment yet insisted that the United States be open to British traders. Ten days later they also demanded demilitarizing the Great Lakes and gaining access to the Mississippi River.

Adams indignantly protested that the American delegation had not been instructed to discuss Indian territorial claims or fishing rights. And an Indian buffer zone, he argued, would impinge on United States sovereignty and dispossess 100,000 settlers already living in the Old Northwest. Bayard objected as well, claiming that the British terms sounded like those of a conqueror to a conquered nation.

In secret communiqués from emissaries in London and Paris, Secretary of State James Monroe had gained advance intelligence of even more extravagant British demands: U.S. renunciation of its fishing rights off Newfoundland, cession of Louisiana to Spain, abandonment of all trade with the British West Indies, and exclusion of all American shipping from the Great Lakes.

In the first naval action of the war—a chance encounter off New London, Connecticut, in June 1812 (left)—HMS *Belvidera*, on the left, found itself confronting two American frigates and three sloops. The *President*, on the right, took on the *Belvidera*, but the British ship outran its pursuers. After two years of war, diplomat John Quincy Adams (top) and congressional war hawk Henry Clay (right) arrived in Ghent to negotiate terms for peace with Britain.



The negotiations were on the point of collapsing when instructions arrived from Madison: The commissioners had permission to omit any stipulation on impressment if it became absolutely necessary. Madison was now convinced that, since Napoleon had capitulated, the Royal Navy would no longer need to impress American seaman, and he was eager to speed the peace talks along by eliminating its thorniest issue. The major cause of the War of 1812 had disappeared.

On August 9, 1814, Adams laid out what remained of the American position: mutually agreed-upon definitions of blockade and neutral rights and compensation to individuals for captures and seizures before and during the war. Gallatin tried to counter the British demand for an Indian buffer zone by arguing that the United States already intended to negotiate treaties with warring Indians. And what was to be done with the Americans already settled in the Old Northwest? the U.S. commissioners asked again. British negotiator Adams retorted that “undoubtedly they must shift for themselves.” Bayard also inquired whether the British wanted “to restrict the Indians from selling their lands.” Goulburn countered that “it was not to restrict the Indians from selling their lands” but “to restrict the United States from purchasing them.” Even as the British commissioners transmitted the Americans’ answers to London, a 50-ship British armada was sailing into the Chesapeake Bay.

When the ministry’s response to the negotiations came back in 10 days, it was obvious the British were becoming more confident that war news from the United States gave them greater leverage for a diplomatic victory. Thus, they insisted that if the United States did not agree to the Indian reserve and sign a provisional article, subject to ratification by Washington and London, the treaty talks would be sus-

The British accused the Americans of harboring ‘the design of conquering Canada’

ended. They also accused the Americans of harboring “the design of conquering Canada.” The United States would have to agree to maintain no naval forces on the Great Lakes and tear down its forts and build no more. Further, the British reiterated their demand for “a small corner” of Maine for a “mere road” from Halifax to Quebec. At this point, Quincy Adams demanded a written statement of the British agenda. It would be another month before the American commissioners read in a London newspaper that the British had routed the U.S. army and burned Washington.

Yet in London, that news had not been received with universal approval. Opposition leader Samuel Whitbread, a leading

reformer, condemned British commanders for a deed that even “the Goths refused to do at Rome.” Apart from “sully the British name,” the British commanders had accomplished nothing, in Whitbread’s view. But it would be more weeks before the American diplomats heard that the war news was also unsettling the British administration. In early October they learned that the British attack on Baltimore had been repulsed after the futile, all-night shelling of Fort McHenry. At the same time, the main British army-navy invasion from Canada had been reversed by an American naval squadron on Lake Champlain. The British Army had turned back to Canada. The Duke of Wellington, asked to take over the American war, declined. Yet Lord Bathurst, secretary for war and the colonies, wrote to Goulburn that there was no change in the ministry’s diplomatic posture. The treaty must be based on *uti possidetis*, keeping territory already taken.

Bathurst was not being completely candid. Public resistance in Britain was mounting over hated taxes to cover war expenses. In only two years the navy’s payroll had exploded from 145,000 men to 207,000 men. And to the cost of blockading the entire American and European seacoasts had been added the cost of providing escort vessels for merchant ships forced to sail in convoys to ward off attacks by some 1,500 American privateers.

From Paris Wellington reported that crowds were cheering American victories while spitting on the restored King Louis XVIII and clamoring for the return of Napoleon from exile on Elba. The British prime minister, Lord Liverpool, writing to Lord Wellington and to foreign secretary Lord Castlereagh (in Vienna for a pan-European Congress), fretted that the tsar, “half an American,” was openly sympathizing with the United States and refusing to remove his armies from Poland.

Liverpool also sent off to Ghent a drastically reduced peace proposal. The members of the Privy Council, jettisoning their assurances to safeguard their Indian allies, were scrapping the insistence on an Indian buffer state, on demilitarizing the Great Lakes, and on holding occupied Maine; they would settle instead for a corridor to ease communications between Halifax and Quebec Province.

Adams was suspicious. The tone of the British note was “arrogant, overbearing and offensive.” He suspected they were stalling. Their mention of *uti possidetis* proved that, despite their military failures, they still intended to seize more territory to buttress their negotiating position. For five days, Adams, Clay, and Gallatin worked over an answer before rejecting the British call for *uti possidetis*, again stating that they were not authorized to cede any territory.

Incredulous, Goulburn dashed off a letter to the ministry: Did London want the talks to go on? A courier sped to London, carrying both the American response to the British and Goulburn’s query. Liverpool wondered whether the Americans were fully rational. He wrote to Castlereagh in Vienna that the war “will probably now be of some duration.” To Wellington, Goulburn complained bitterly of the Americans’ “extravagant



Strategic Fort Erie moved back and forth between British and American hands during the War of 1812. An ill-conceived British night attack on the fort in August 1814 ended badly, adding to the toll of disasters the Crown suffered in late 1814.

doctrines...they would never cede any part of their dominions, even though they should have been conquered.”

The British were not the only ones worrying about the cost of the war dragging on. Early in November 1814 the United States defaulted on its loans. The treasury was empty. Smugglers, after all, didn’t pay customs duties, and between April and October, only 18 customs-paying ships from neutral nations

had reached American customs houses.

Despite the good military news from Baltimore and Lake Champlain, the effects of the British blockade caused one Federalist to lament to the Massachusetts legislature, “We are in a deplorable situation, our commerce dead; our revenue Gone; our ships rotting at the wharves...Our Treasury drained—we are Bankrupts.”



"Johnny, you must learn...Respect, Free Trade, Seaman's Rights," Columbia tells John Bull as Napoleon (center) looks on in this war cartoon.

On October 31 the British delegation informed the American mission that unless they accepted British terms or proposed terms of their own, the war would continue. For the first time the Americans were allowed to put forth an agenda. Most of the original issues were already off the table: impressment, neutral rights, indemnities for seized ships and cargoes. The negotiations had come down to British refusal to honor American cod-drying rights off the Canadian Maritimes and free passage of British ships on the Mississippi.

Adams's father, John, had once deadlocked negotiations for American independence until New England's mainstay fishing industry was protected. Clay, leader of the war hawks whose constituents had contributed the most troops to the conflict, now fulminated about British ships on western waters, pacing and cursing the notion of swapping the Mississippi for "drying fish." The British were still insisting on holding captured Moose Island, between Maine and New Brunswick. Adams objected to giving up any American territory what-

soever. Bayard favored giving up the island. "Mr. Bayard," Adams asked, "if it belonged to Delaware, would you?" Bayard laughed and replied that Delaware couldn't afford to give up any territory. Gallatin worried that his fellow commissioners would sacrifice the interests of New England. Already the Massachusetts General Court had called a convention of all the New England states to consider forming a confederacy, seceding from the Union, and negotiating a separate peace. There was only one treaty clause over which there seemed no disagreement: Prisoners of war, including the more than 21,000 luckless American privateers captured by the British, were to be released and repatriated.

By November 10 the American delegates, aware that their continued silence could be interpreted as tacit acceptance of British terms, were still divided. Adams, in an impassioned speech, suggested they ignore British demands and propose a peace treaty based on the principle of *status quo ante bellum*—to return conditions to the way they were in the United

States before the war and to resolve any unsettled questions by forming postwar commissions to negotiate them. Finally, Adams declared that he would “cheerfully give [his] life for peace on this basis.” Unmoved, Clay suggested that the war should go on. According to Adams’s later memoir, Clay felt that “three years more of war would make us a warlike people, and that then we should come out of the war with honor.” Yet Clay finally agreed to decide later whether he would sign the actual treaty. That night the Americans sent their sixth diplomatic note in two months to the British legation. It arrived just as Wellington was warning that continued unrest in France made it impossible for him to meet the ministry’s request to take command in the United States. If renewed warfare broke out in Europe, “there is nobody but myself in whom either yourselves or the country, or your Allies, would feel any confidence,” he wrote. A peace treaty “might as well be signed now.”

On December 1, for the first joint meeting since August 19, the Americans drove to the Hôtel des Pays-Bas. For three hours the delegations sat across from each other at a great oval table, and, as servants stoked the fire, they debated the articles one by one. Ultimately, the treaty stipulated that peace would bring a return to the status quo ante bellum if both parties ratified the document within four months. Meanwhile, there would be no armistice, and the fighting could continue. After ratification, all places and property, public and private, would be restored to their prewar status. All POWs were to be repatriated as soon as they paid any debts. All unresolved issues would be mediated by postwar commissions composed of one representative of each nation with a friendly sovereign as mediator. Boundary disputes, including the question of Moose Island, would be mediated. (The Canadian-American border would later be extended from the southwest corner of the Lake of the Woods in present-day western Ontario, along the 49th parallel to the Stony Mountains, now Rocky Mountains.) Both nations were to restrain their Indian populations from further cross-border hostilities. With the treaty, the Indians became the greatest casualties of the war, any hint of an Indian reserve gone.

On Thursday, December 22, as he waited for the draft treaty to be approved in London, Adams paced the streets of Ghent. Turning the corner toward the Lovendeghem, he saw Bayard rushing toward him, waving his arms. The British had accepted! Adams sent a courier to Bordeaux to delay the dispatch ship *Transit*, so that it could carry a copy of the treaty to America. In Adams’s chamber that evening, Clay still raged against signing the document, but when Gallatin called for a vote, Clay was outvoted. On December 23 each side accommodated petty changes in wording proposed by the other. After three hours, the commissioners agreed they should meet the next day, December 24, at the Hôtel des Pays-Bas to sign the treaty.

At 4 in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, 1814, the five Americans climbed into their carriages, pulled up their lap robes, and rode off to the Hôtel des Pays-Bas for the last time. In the great oval hall, both delegations made small corrections.

At 6, as the carillon of St. Bavo’s Cathedral tolled the Angelus, the eight diplomats signed the Treaty of Peace and Amity between His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America. After five months of tempestuous negotiations, Gambier and Quincy Adams exchanged the signed copies. Gambier wished that the peace would be permanent; Adams wrote in his diary, “I hoped it would be the last treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States.” At 6:30 the peace commissioners of both nations climbed into their carriages and rode to a Te Deum Mass in the Gothic immensity of St. Bavo. To his wife, the future president John Quincy Adams wrote, “I consider the day on which I signed [the treaty] as the happiest of my life, because it was the day on which I had my share in restoring peace to the world.”

By midafternoon on December 26, British envoy Anthony Baker had reached London. Three days later the cabinet and the prince regent, the future King George IV, ratified the treaty. Henry Clay’s secretary, Henry Carroll, sailed for the United States with the treaty in hand on January 2, 1815, with Baker accompanying him. They reached New York City after a stormy 40-day crossing of the North Atlantic.

Just as the delegates had been signing the treaty in Ghent, an army composed of Wellington’s “Invincibles” had sailed from Bermuda. While Carroll was at sea, that army arrived off New Orleans. On January 8, 1815, Andrew Jackson’s frontiers-

Adams declared that he would cheerfully give his life for peace

men and pirates mowed down some 2,000 of them. Among the mounds of the dead was their commander, Wellington’s brother-in-law, Sir Edward Pakenham.

News of Jackson’s stunning victory reached Washington before Carroll and Baker arrived in the capital on February 17. Shortly before midnight, Baker and Monroe exchanged ratified copies. Madison proclaimed the nation at peace the next day. In Vienna, at the peace conference for all Europe, Castlereagh was ecstatic: He wrote Lord Liverpool, “I wish you joy of being released from the millstone of an American war.”

About two weeks later Napoleon landed in the south of France, bound for Waterloo and a rendezvous 100 days later with the Duke of Wellington.

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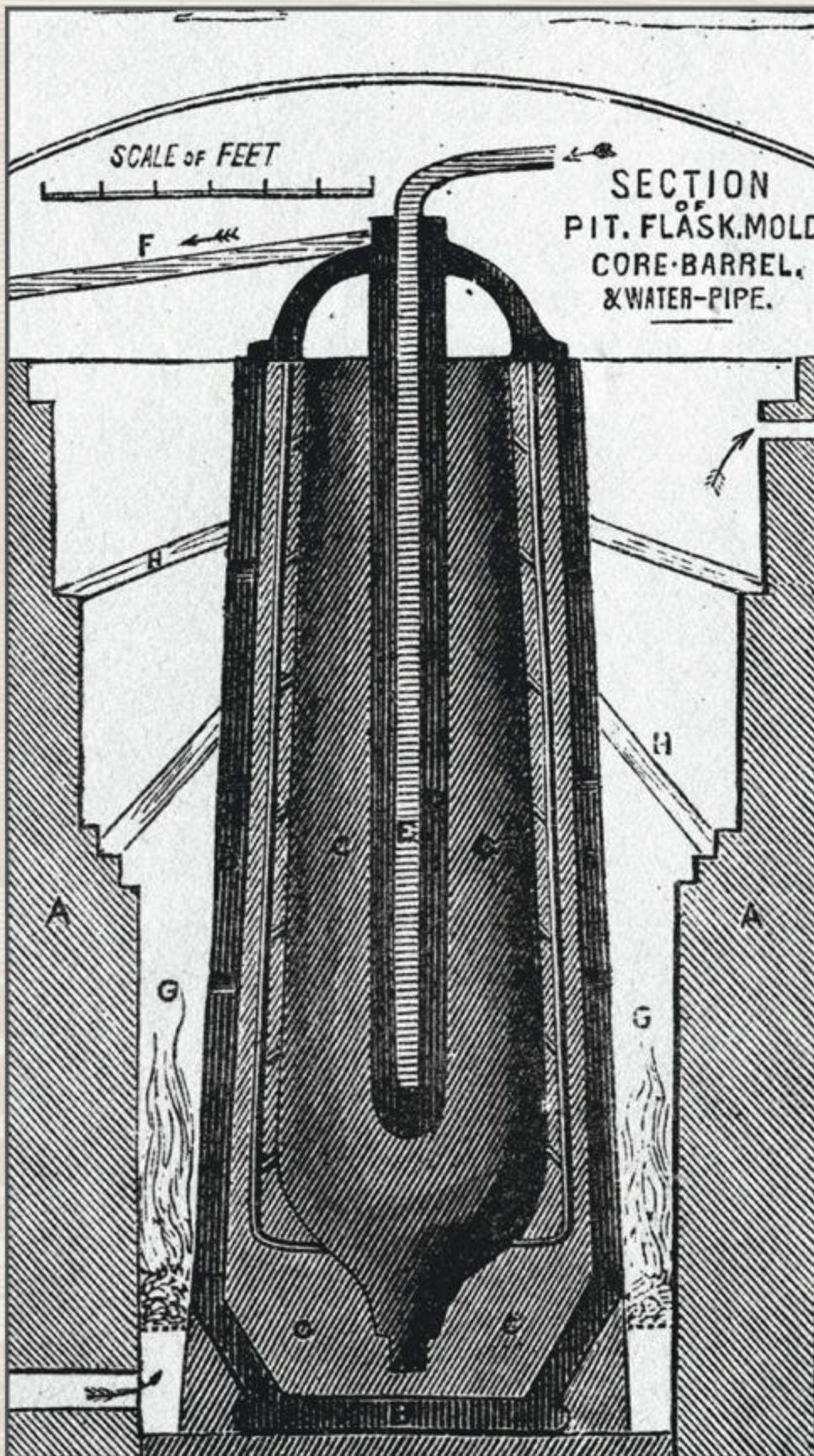
WILLARD STERNE RANDALL has written biographies of Founding Fathers and major figures of the American Revolution. His most recent is *Ethan Allen, His Life and Times*. He teaches American history at Champlain College.

The Man Behind the Rodman Gun

And it wasn't even his most important invention

BY DAVID T. ZABECKI

The Rodman gun, developed in the mid-19th century, was the technological apex of smoothbore, muzzle-loading artillery. Cannons using chemical explosives to propel a projectile had made their first appearance on the battlefield in the 14th century, and for the next 500 years the technology changed very little. Almost all artillery pieces, cast of either iron or bronze, were smoothbore, muzzle-loaded, and used propellant charges based on black powder. Then, near the end of the 19th century, artillery technology made a radical leap forward with the introduction of rifled steel barrels, breech-loading systems, recoil mechanisms, and improvements in propellants. ★ During the 40 years between 1830 and 1870 the older types of artillery also underwent drastic scientific improvements, culminating in the Rodman gun. Although in the long run the gun was a technological dead end, the advances introduced by its designer, Brigadier General Thomas Jackson Rodman, revolutionized gun-barrel production and propellant design. ★ Rodman graduated from West Point in 1841, seventh in a class of 52. A career Ordnance Corps officer, his first assignment was to the U. S. Army Allegheny Arsenal in Pittsburgh. In 1844



Addressing the chronic problem of structural weakness in large cast-iron cannons, West Point-trained brigadier general Thomas Jackson Rodman realized that the traditional casting process was at fault and that the answer lay in water cooling the vertically cast gun tube (shown at left) from the inside out. He patented the process and his insight proved correct.

he started working on the problems of cannon-barrel design after a 12-inch naval gun exploded on the USS *Princeton*, killing Secretary of State Abel P. Upshur and Secretary of the Navy Thomas Gilmer and almost killing President John Tyler. By the early 19th century most field artillery tubes were made from bronze, a material lighter than iron and less prone to casting defects. Bronze, however, was not strong enough for the chamber pressures generated by the larger-caliber fortress, siege, and naval guns, like the one that exploded on the *Princeton*. Those larger guns still had to be made from iron.

At the time, most iron gun tubes were cast solid and then bored out. The alternate process was to cast the barrel hollow around a sand core, and then smooth out the bore by machining. Either way, as the casting cooled and hardened from the outside in, the hot interior of the casting continued to contract, because it cooled more slowly. With the cooled external surface remaining rigid, shrinkage-induced cracks and cavities developed in the center of the tube that caused structural weaknesses. Theoretically, those flaws would have been removed when the tube was bored out—but they often weren't. Rodman realized that even if the boring did remove the casting flaws, the barrel's overall strength would still be compromised: its outer metal was in a state of compression (being squeezed inward) and its inner metal, around the bore, was in a state of tension (being pulled outward). A propellant charge exploding inside the chamber might at any time increase the tension sufficiently to rupture the barrel—and it all too often did. The newer, rapidly burning black powders developed in recent years only increased that probability.

Rodman initially experimented with wrapping wire around the outside of the tube as a way to reinforce the compression. But maintaining constant and uniform tension on the wire proved difficult, so Rodman abandoned his wire-wrapping experiments when he hypothesized that gun barrels could be constructed using a variation on the principle employed by blacksmiths to shrink iron rims onto wooden wagon wheels.



Thomas Rodman, 1864. His insight—and dogged and successful testing—revolutionized the design and manufacture of iron cannons; during the Civil War the Union purchased 1,840 of his guns.

The iron-cooling process had to proceed from the inside out.

Rodman's modified system of hollow casting replaced the sand core with an insulated iron pipe through which water circulated rapidly. As the water started the cooling process from the inside, hot coals packed around the casting mold kept the outside of the barrel hot: The coals were removed slowly as the internal cooling progressed. Rodman's process caused each successive outer layer of metal to shrink upon the cooler inner layers. When the cooling finally finished, the entire barrel was in a uniform state of compression throughout its entire thickness, resulting in a far stronger tube capable of withstanding higher firing pressures. The entire process

required some 65 hours for an 8-inch barrel to cool properly and used up to 50,000 gallons of water. Once the casting was completed, of course, the bore still required final machining to ensure exact diameter and smoothness.

Rodman's gun barrels had a distinctive shape that made them instantly identifiable, even at a distance. The increased strength of the castings allowed him to design his tubes to correspond directly to the pressure curve generated by the propellant charge inside the barrel, as the projectile moved down the bore. Rodman invented his own bore pressure gauge so he could measure and plot that curve with precision. Following the curve exactly, Rodman's guns assumed a streamlined bottle shape, tapering toward the bore. Rodman also replaced the standard spherical cascabel knob at the breech end of the barrel with a smooth disk, into which was cast a vertical line of ratchet grooves for an improved elevating mechanism. The new system greatly improved precision aiming for range.

Rodman had trouble convincing the U.S. Army's Ordnance Department to adopt his casting process. The belief was widespread that circulating water through a molten casting was too risky, because the resulting steam from the water coming into contact with the heat would produce an explosion. Rodman traveled to Washington three times before he finally got permission from the chief of ordnance, General George Talcott, to patent the process and develop it privately. In 1845 Rodman entered into a partnership with the Pittsburgh foundry, Knap and Totten, which agreed to cover all the development and manufacturing costs in return for a half interest in the patent.

Rodman conducted the first test-firings in 1849, using a pair of 8-inch guns firing 64-pound spherical shot and 10 pounds of powder. One gun was cast conventionally, the other using Rodman's system. The guns were identical in all other respects—size, weight, metal composition. The solid-cast gun burst on the 85th round. By the time the test was terminated after the 251st round, the hollow-cast barrel was still in firing order. During follow-up test firings in 1851, the conventional tube burst on the 73rd round, the hollow-cast gun survived 1,500 rounds. By the time Rodman concluded his series of tests, six solid-cast guns fired a combined total of 772 rounds before all the tubes failed; six guns cast on Rodman's principles fired a total of 5,515 rounds, and none failed.

The U.S. government finally approved Rodman's casting process in 1859. He was then ordered to design and build a prototype for a 15-inch coastal defense gun. The resulting 15-inch Rodman gun weighed 14,099 pounds, was 15 feet 10 inches long, and had an external diameter of 48.1 inches at the barrel's breech end. Using a 25-pound propellant charge, the gun fired both 330- and 450-pound solid spherical projectiles. The gun was test fired at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, in May 1860. The board of ordnance observed 49 test firings, using both projectile weights. On the first round it took the 12-man gun crew 1 minute and 53 seconds to complete the firing cycle of sponging, loading, priming, and running into battery. (This was more than 35 years before the introduction

of modern recoil systems.) By the sixth round the gun crew had the cycle down to 1 minute 3 seconds. The maximum range achieved during the tests was 5,730 yards—slightly more than 3.25 miles.

The board recommended acceptance of the design, and 15-inch Rodmans became standard as American coastal artillery pieces during the Civil War. Smaller 8- and 10-inch Rodmans were adopted as siege and naval guns. The 8-inch Rodman fired a 50-pound projectile to a range of 3,870 yards; and the 10-inch Rodman fired a 128-pound projectile to a range of 4,835 yards. All three calibers also fired explosive shells that were from 12 to 23 percent lighter than the equivalent size solid shot. Rodman produced two experimental 20-inch models, the largest guns ever cast in the United States, but they were only fired eight times in testing. During the course of the

Rodmans became standard as coastal artillery pieces

Civil War the government purchased 1,840 Rodmans. More significantly, all guns from then on, whether they externally resembled his guns or not, were cast using Rodman's process, including the U.S. Navy's Dahlgren 15-inch shell gun.

Rodman perfected his smoothbore guns just about the time rifled artillery appeared. Rifling increased both the range and the accuracy of guns. Rodman never opposed rifling, but he continued to believe that smoothbores still had a significant role to play. Testifying on February 6, 1864, before the Congressional Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, he told the legislators that America's coastal fortifications should be armed with a combination of rifled and smoothbore pieces. The rifled guns would engage approaching enemy ships at greater distances until the targets came within range of the smoothbores. When a member of the committee asked him directly if he thought that within their range arcs the smoothbores were superior to rifled guns, Rodman replied, "Yes, sir."

Rodman was on the wrong side of history on that point. But during the 1850s he had also conducted extensive experiments with artillery propellants that led to his greatest and most lasting contribution to ordnance engineering. Rodman was the first to understand that the physical configuration of the propellant, the exact shape of the powder granules, had to be purpose designed for the type of gun firing them. During his many test firings he had observed that the pressure generated inside the chamber was directly proportional to the rate at which the powder burned, and that the powder burned at a rate directly proportional to its external surface area.

All conventional powder at the time was compressed into

small, solid granules of uniform size. Rodman at first thought that the size of the powder granules was the key to the problem. The powder's greatest surface area, however, was at the moment of ignition. As the powder burned, the granule's surface area decreased, the rate of burning slowed, and the generated pressure decreased with it. But as the projectile moved down the bore, the air volume in the chamber behind the round increased. That further compounded the drop in pressure behind the moving projectile. As the volume in the chamber increased, more rather than less pressure was needed. Rodman concluded that the optimum propellant "would be

Today's artillery propellants follow Rodman's design

that which burnt so as to evolve its gas proportionally as the space increased behind the projectile while in the bore."

Rodman's solution was to press the powder into hexagonal-shaped cakes, which were then perforated with as many as seven longitudinal holes. With that configuration, the powder cakes burned simultaneously from the outside in and from the inside out. As the material around the holes burned, the holes got bigger. Thus, the powder's exposed surface area increased, and with it the rate of burning. All of this happened in less than a second, of course, but it made a significant difference. The key point is that what Rodman called "prismatic powder" did not really increase the overall chamber pressure during firing. What it did was maintain pressure behind the projectile at a constant level as it moved down the bore. The result was greater muzzle-velocity without increasing the pressure on the tube.

During the Civil War Rodman commanded the Watertown Arsenal near Boston, which produced ammunition, artillery carriages, and other ordnance items. At the end of the war he was investigated by a U.S. congressional committee on charges of mismanagement of the arsenal and the clearly trumped-up charge of "disloyalty." Among the elements of that latter charge was his failure to order the firing of a salute when Lee's surrender was announced, and his alleged lack of appropriate sorrow at the death of Lincoln.

Cleared of all charges, Rodman was promoted to brevet brigadier general and assigned to establish and command what would become the Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois. On an island in the Mississippi River, the installation had been a camp for Confederate prisoners of war from 1863 to 1865. When Rodman assumed command, his mission was to convert the post into a modern ordnance manufacturing facility. He laid out the arsenal's road system and designed and built



Battery Rodgers, Alexandria, Virginia: A 15-inch Rodman gun commands the Potomac River below Washington, D.C., during the Civil War. This gun is now on view at Fort Foote Park in Maryland.

10 large shop buildings, many of which remain in operation today, manufacturing gun mounts, recoil mechanisms, small arms, aircraft weapons subsystems, grenade launchers, and other ordnance components. Rodman was still in command of the arsenal when he died in 1871, at the age of 54. He was buried at the Rock Island Arsenal National Cemetery.

Ironically, relatively few of Rodman's guns were actually




fired in anger during the Civil War. Rodman's process of casting iron gun tubes became obsolete when wrought-iron and forged barrels became more common at the end of the 1860s and then when steel was adopted as the main material for all artillery components. During the 1870s and 1880s various attempts were made to convert existing Rodman smoothbores to rifled guns of smaller calibers by inserting rifled, wrought-iron or steel liners into the bore. All those experiments failed, and smoothbore Rodmans remained in service well into the final years of the 19th century.

There are 182 known surviving Rodman guns, including

several 8-inchers at Fort McHenry, which were installed during the Civil War when the fort was still active. Modern artillery propellants are chemically far more sophisticated than the simple black powder mixtures of the 19th century, but they still burn in accordance with the principles that Rodman discovered. His innovations in powder design continue to determine how artillery propellants are made to this day. **MHQ**

MAJOR GENERAL DAVID T. ZABECKI (U.S. Army, ret.) is chief military historian of the Weider History Group and editor of the recently published encyclopedia *Germany at War: 400 Years of Military History*.

A dramatic painting depicting a battle scene in a narrow town street. In the foreground, a young man in a green jacket and tan breeches stands prominently, holding a sword aloft with his right hand and a hat in his left. He is surrounded by a chaotic scene of combat. To his left, a man in a red coat is being pushed back. In the center, a man in a red shirt and white breeches is engaged in combat. To the right, a man in a red coat is being pushed back. In the background, a large crowd of men, some on horseback, are engaged in battle. A large wooden wheel is in the foreground, and a cannon barrel is visible on the right. The street is paved with cobblestones, and the buildings are made of stone and plaster. The scene is filled with smoke and the sounds of battle.

Led by a very young Comte de la Rochejaquelein, a peasant army over 15,000 men strong charges into the town of Cholet during the spontaneous 1793 uprising.

1793 Lessons of the VENDÉE

Peasants launch a bloody counterrevolution in one corner of France

BY ANTHONY BRANDT

Early on the morning of March 11, 1793, the citizens of the small market town of Machecoul in west-central France woke to discover some 3,000 peasants moving toward them across the town's surrounding fields. The peasants were armed with pikes, sickles, pitchforks, axes, a few ancient harquebuses, knives, hunting guns, and whatever else might serve as a weapon. Machecoul had no more than a couple of hundred national guard soldiers to defend it against the mob, and after almost four years of revolution, they were hardly the cream of the army. ★ The French nation was under siege from all quarters. The Jacobin revolutionaries had beheaded Louis XVI two months before, horrifying the rest of Europe, and their army had fought off the Prussians in the Battle of Valmy the previous September. Now the French army was advancing into the Austrian Netherlands. With conflict on all sides, few local guardsmen were left in the interior of the country to maintain order or to enforce

the conscription of an additional 300,000 men to fight the Austrians—a conscription just getting underway in Machecoul and the region along the Atlantic known as the Vendée. Those few remaining guardsmen were either old or very young, not fit for battling the professional armies at the borders of France. On that morning in March, when they were faced with thousands of angry, shouting peasants, most of them fled.

A national guard officer named Maupassant, who had come to town to conduct the conscription lottery, confronted the crowd and tried to reason with them. A thrust of a pike to the heart killed him instantly. Then a priest was pulled from the Catholic church and stabbed repeatedly in the face with a bayonet until he was dead. The houses of anyone who served in an administrative capacity or acted for the revolutionary government in Paris were broken into; those found inside were dragged out and beaten. On the street, more than 40 men were killed. Prisoners in the local jail, imprisoned by the peasants, were taken to the fields, forced to dig their own graves, and murdered. By the time it was over, several hundred citizens of Machecoul were dead, and civil war had erupted in France.

To the peasants, the anger was justified. The French Revolution did not exactly have unanimous support. After it exploded in Paris in 1789, it spread slowly to the provinces, but it always faced opposition. In Paris, as faction replaced faction, the tone and actions of the government became steadily more radical, and in some places in France, resistance, in the form of riots, became more violent; Paris itself was often consumed in strife. By 1793 the Vendée, traditional and conservative and, like many rural areas, resistant to change, had had enough.

More or less spontaneously, peasants rose against the central government and its representatives all over the Vendée. In



By March 14 the mob had reached the outskirts of Cholet, the most important town in the area. As they approached, a barefoot man wearing rags and carrying a large cross entered Cholet and walked the streets, advising its population to surrender and avoid bloodshed. Instead, the commander of the national guard contingent decided to resist. By then the mob had swelled to 15,000 or 20,000; it had three cannons and a man named Six-Sous who knew how to fire them. On his second shot, he killed the commander. The national guard panicked. The town was won. The mob tore into the public build-

ings, burned papers, and drove out the national guard. Fifteen to twenty thousand men, angry, determined, fearless, was more than a local mob. It was a force to be reckoned with.

The year 1793 was not a good time to be French. The nation was in a state of near chaos, with unrest growing internally, and murderous and deeply paranoid Jacobin fanatics in control of the government in Paris. This was the year the Terror began, the year that citizens suspected of moderation were guillotined by the thousands. It soon became obvious even to ardent supporters of the revolution that one tyranny had been exchanged for another.

Though the government bureaucracy had mostly continued to function throughout the earlier years of revolutionary chaos, in that spring a rebellion in Lyon had thrown out the representatives of the central government, and there were similar rebellions in Marseilles and a few other cities. But the revolt in the Vendée was different. It was all-out civil war, and it engaged the entire region.

Rural, isolated, politically indifferent, and deeply Catholic, the Vendée had hardly been touched by the revolution up to that point. Occupying the region south of the Loire and facing the Atlantic, the Vendée was an area of less than 1,000 square miles and a population of about 800,000, with towns and villages but no large cities. Most people lived on farms, and

If they had to fight, it would be against the new nation, not for it

the northern part of the region, above the extensive marshlands fronting the Atlantic, the small town of Saint-Florent fell to the same kind of mob on the same day as Machecoul. Insurgents seized the town's cannons from the overwhelmed national guard, then marched to nearby Chemillé and did the same thing.

the farms were relatively prosperous. The northern Vendée was heavily forested, a land of steep gullies, rolling hills, and very few roads; in the south lay marshland.

Socially, the area was not divided in the same ways as the rest of France, where the nobility had long maintained homes in Paris and spent much of the year there. In the Vendée the

local nobility were truly local. They lived on their estates and identified with the area and its people, who regarded them for the most part with respect and affection. As the revolution progressed, some nobles emigrated but most did not. When they could, the peasants chose the remaining nobles as military leaders in their counterrevolution against the new republican government. Anticipating what would happen in the end, when they inevitably lost, the nobles tried to talk the peasants out of revolting against the republic, but they accepted their leadership roles nonetheless. Among the noblemen leaders were the Prince de Talmont and the very young Comte de la Rochejacquelein, along with his father-in-law, Marquis de Lescure. In the marshes of the southern Vendée, the chevalier Charette de la Contrie led. A headstrong womanizer from an old, impoverished Breton family, he was a royalist and a devout Catholic.

Devout Catholicism was part of what drove the counter-revolutionaries. One of the first things the revolution had done was disestablish the Roman Catholic Church, nationalizing church property, abolishing monasteries, and forcing priests to swear allegiance to the republican government. Priests who refused were called non-jurors, ejected from their parishes, and forced to emigrate or otherwise punished for their loyalty to the church. In the Vendée priests had always been locally born and bred. They knew their people and were of them. They were trusted. The priest in Machecoul who was killed,

however, was not local—he had been forced on the parish by the revolutionary government in Paris.

The Vendéans' deep attachment to religion was matched by their love of home. In the Middle Ages most Vendéans never traveled more than 15 miles from their place of birth, and that remained generally true at the time of the revolution. Paris was remote and few of them had ever seen it; even fewer had seen the king. They considered themselves first and foremost Vendéans, not French, and had developed little or no loyalty to an abstraction called "the nation." Though the rebels adopted the white cockade of the royalists and their war cry ran "Vive le roi; vive la reine et la religion," it was not the royalist cause but religion and home that truly mattered to them. As for the "nation," they were not inclined to fight its wars far from home. Quite the contrary: If they had to fight, it would be against the new nation, not for it.

Fight they did, savagely and well. The Vendean counter-revolutionaries swept the region, overwhelming the garrisons of national guardsmen in one small town after another, taking cannons and whatever other weapons they could find. It took weeks for Paris to realize the seriousness of the situation, and when officials there finally sent "Blues" (as the republican government's troops were called) to the Vendée, they were at a serious disadvantage: There were not enough of them to overcome the Vendéans,



After the rout in Cholet, a couple—probably supporters of the revolutionary government—flees to the countryside, chased by a mob of insurgents.





"God the king" became the counterrevolutionaries' badge of honor (above). Wives sewed the insignias to the chests of their devoutly Catholic husbands as they went off to fight (left).

and they didn't know the terrain. In the north the few roads were surrounded by forests and wound through gullies and ravines. To exacerbate the situation, the Vendéans fought like Native Americans, ambushing government columns from the forests and then moving through familiar woods to ambush again. In the fields they fought from behind hedgerows and struck with barrages of simultaneous fire that took the Blues completely by surprise. It was guerrilla warfare before there was a name for it.

This was a distinct shock to the regular French troops who opposed them. Eighteenth-century professional armies were accustomed to fighting in the open, facing each other in tightly organized units. But the Vendéans were an enemy the Blues could not even see. To fight this way struck the regulars as dishonorable, if not downright illegal. But it worked very well for the men of the Vendée, and they were winning.

From March through May they took town after town, calling themselves at the end of that first spring *La Grande Armée*. Their leaders by then were drawn not only from the local nobility but from among themselves. One particularly reliable commander was a man named Cathelineau, a wool spinner and sometime mason, a married man with five children who proved not only brave but calm and cool headed in combat. Another capable leader was a gamekeeper named Stofflet, who had once been a soldier.

None of the men, or the women who sometimes fought alongside them, were professional soldiers, but they made up in valor and in numbers what they lacked in discipline. Their

devotion to their religion was ardent. If they were advancing *in combat* along a road and came across a roadside calvary—a small shrine with a crucifix—they would kneel in prayer at it for a moment before continuing their advance, even if they were under fire. Their devotion to their homes was equally strong. During the Easter season in 1793 they deserted en masse to be with their families, returning early in April.

In May, as they were approaching Fontenay-le-Comte, the district capital of Lower Poitiers, they melted away again to tend to their planting, reducing their force to a mere 10,000. Cathelineau had to go out personally, almost house to house, to get them back. Within days he had collected 35,000, who—without cannons and some even without any weapon at all—overran the Blues defending Fontenay. In a letter written at the time, a government representative named Goupilleau tells a friend, “[Paris has] persisted, in spite of all we can say, in treating this war as a simple insurrection. I tell you that it is a volcano which will terrify the whole Republic if it is not extinguished.”

One feels for the government officers. They knew that, as one historian put it, “the Committee of Public Safety [the Jacobin rulers in Paris] recognized one proof alone of fidelity—success.” But they had few seasoned soldiers in their battalions, and none who knew anything about the tactics being used by the Vendéans. Many of the troops were raw recruits. Many had also been infected by the virus of the revolution’s *égalité* motto and openly questioned or criticized their commanders, as if an army were a town meeting.

That May, Pierre Quétineau, the brevet lieutenant colonel in charge of the Blues defending the sizable town of Thouars, desperately wrote the Council of Defense at Tours that three columns of Vendéans were approaching, each of 10,000 to 12,000 men, “as ardent and brave as mine are lukewarm and indifferent.” Quétineau had only 3,000 such indifferent troops, and after 11 hours of fighting, the town surrendered. Quétineau lost his head to the Jacobin guillotine for his failure. In the paranoid minds of the republican leadership, the colonel’s failure could only mean that he was secretly in league with the rebels and part of some vast conspiracy to bring them, the only true avatars of *liberté*, down.

By June 1793 the insurgents of the Vendée controlled most of their own territory. But what then? They could not conquer all of France, nor did they aspire to. They could not restore the monarchy, nor was there any way to make a separate peace with the central government or to exempt themselves from the law of the land, especially from conscription

into the army. Secession was out of reach. Their war was defensive from the beginning; they mostly just wanted to be left alone, to live their lives as they had always lived them. But in a revolution like the one that had swept France, being left alone wasn’t possible. In a revolution, it isn’t just your body that is required, it is your soul.

For the Vendéans, the beginning of the end of their uprising came when they turned their eyes north, across the Loire into southern Brittany. They had been promised the arrival of a British fleet and émigré French nobility leading an army that would join them and mount a campaign to take back France for the monarchy. Accordingly, the bulk of the Vendean force—25,000



The chevalier Charette de la Contrie led the peasant armies in the marshlands of the south. It was a lost cause. The government’s vicious reprisal against the uprising, the *Vendée-Vengé*, took the lives of many thousands.

led by the young nobleman la Rochejaquelein, barely in his 20s—crossed the Loire in October 1793, headed toward the port city of Granville. But Granville was well defended, they found, and the promised fleet never arrived, so the rebel army was unable to take the city. Strung out in southern Brittany, in retreat and pursued by the Blues, the Vendéans lost their cohesion and their luck. On the wrong side of the Loire, they could not melt away into their homes as they had in the past. They died by the thousands before they reached the Vendée, mostly from hunger and disease. The rest of their army, still in their home territory, lost a key battle for Cholet that October. Together, the two failures delivered a devastating blow. The Vendéans would never be strong again.

That winter the Committee of Public Safety decided to “pacify” the region permanently. They called it *Vendée-Vengé*, the Vendée Avenged, and the general put in charge of it, Louis-Marie Turreau, was ordered to “eliminate the brigands to the last man.”

What ensued has been argued over by French historians of the left and right for generations. Even now, it is still a hot

and almost unforeseen irruption, because it is very difficult in the Vendée to reconnoiter well, to get good information, and, consequently, to ward against a surprise.”

Yet Turreau had the manpower to overcome the guerrilla warfare, and the result in the end was monstrous. His 12 infernal columns not only penetrated what remained of the Vendée’s defenses but destroyed everything in their path. They burned farms, crops, and forests, and killed every man, woman, and child they came across, along with livestock. Paris had told Turreau to eliminate all Vendéans, and he tried hard to meet that goal. In the north priests and residents of the area were stripped—clothes were booty of war to the soldiers—then tied to rafts in the Loire that were designed to sink. Thousands drowned on those rafts. In the towns thousands more died, some by the guillotine; in Saint-Florent alone 2,000 Vendéans were massacred. One of the most extreme of the Jacobins, Louis Antoine de Saint-Just, had said that “the republic consists in the extermination of everything that opposes it.” In the Vendée-Vengé that sentiment prevailed. One republican

Was it the first modern genocide, an attempt to destroy an entire region and its population?

issue in French historiography. To those on the right, it was the first modern genocide, an attempt to destroy without mercy an entire region and its population, and to the Catholic Church it remains a vivid example of persecution and martyrdom. But defenders of the revolution’s policies claim that the numbers of Vendéans killed have been grossly exaggerated. The records are not so reliable as to make those arguments moot, but there can be no question of the brutality involved.

Turreau—supplied with adequate troops, many of whom were more seasoned than the earlier Blues fighting in the region—formed 12 columns. These *colonnes infernales*, columns from hell as they were nicknamed, drove on the region with strength. They still met resistance, and Turreau wrote about it in his memoirs, complaining in particular about the countryside they had to fight in:

How can a line of battle be instantly formed, the distances measured with the eye, the advantages and disadvantages of a forced position hastily taken be calculated, that of an enemy known, their projects foreseen, their position understood by a quick perception, like that occupied by your army, when frequent undulations of land, hedges, trees, and bushes, which obstruct the surface, will not admit of your seeing fifty paces around you?

As to the soldiers he was fighting, they used “a peculiar tactic, which they know perfectly how to apply to their position and local circumstances....Their attack is a dreadful, sudden,

general, François-Joseph Westermann, reported back to the Committee of Public Safety, “Following the orders that you gave me I have crushed children under the feet of horses, massacred women who at least...will engender no more brigands. I have no prisoners with which to reproach myself.”

Estimates of the numbers killed in the Vendée vary greatly, from as few as 40,000 to as many as 600,000. What is important is that the campaign was systematic, genocidal: One Jacobin suggested to a chemist that they use gas; another proposed poisoning all the wells.

Sporadic rebellions continued in the Vendée among survivors of the genocide for years thereafter, until the Jacobins themselves, having seen many of their own compatriots go to the guillotine, made a deal with the Vendéans: They would be granted liberty of worship and their property rights would be guaranteed if they would stop rebelling. But wounds like those sustained in the Vendée uprising are remembered for centuries. In one current Internet guide to the region, the author notes that anyone who moves into the area from Paris can expect to have his house burgled in the first week. To Vendéans, he says, this is “a matter of duty.” The duty never to forget.

MHQ

ANTHONY BRANDT has written for many national magazines and is the editor of the National Geographic Society’s edition of the journals of Lewis and Clark. His most recent book is *The Man Who Ate His Boots: The Tragic History of the Search for the Northwest Passage*.

RENÉ BURRI

Capturing the Pulse of Life

BY JENNIFER E. BERRY

“**W**hat counts is putting the intensity that you, yourself, have experienced into the picture,” René Burri preached, believing that a successful photograph “capture[s] the pulse of life.” The ability to take historic photographs was second nature to Burri, who in 1946 at the age of 13, captured a quintessential image of Winston Churchill. ★ The Swiss-born Burri was educated by legendary photographer Hans Finsler at the Zurich School of Arts and Crafts. Burri’s career took off in 1953, when his work was introduced to Magnum Photos—the prestigious agency founded by major photographers after World War II. His first book, *Die Deutschen* (1962), explored the postwar culture of Germany, his mother’s native country. Burri would continue to cover the conflicting elements in that culture, his Swiss passport allowing him to travel easily between East and West Germany. ★ Attracted throughout his life to the conditions of conflict, Burri covered wars in the Far East and Middle East but focused on such aspects as the buildup to war or its aftermath rather than on combat. He strove to create a narrative with his images, and he succeeded: They tell the story of worldwide conflict and change in the 20th century.





South Vietnamese soldiers flying to the Mekong Delta in 1963 to take part in a military operation Burri later called "complete chaos"

► **Bolivians in La Higuera**, the village where Che Guevara was executed, display his famous portrait. Burri took the image in 1963 during a three-hour *Life* magazine interview with the revolutionary. After Che's death, Burri's photograph appeared on everything from cushions to condom wrappers—without Burri's permission.



▲ **Burri first visited Seoul** in 1961, two weeks after a military coup led by Park Chung-hee captured power in South Korea. This Burri image shows soldiers lined up to attend Memorial Day services at the city's largest military cemetery.

► **A West German** border guard keeps watch before the Brandenburg Gate, glowing in splendid isolation during the partition of East and West Berlin. Captivated by Germany in the post-WWII years, Burri called it "a place where certain divisions and boundaries showed up quite dramatically."





◀ **Winston Churchill** visited the University of Zurich in 1946 to deliver his famous "Europe Arise" speech. Burri, 13 years old at the time, knew Churchill's itinerary, grabbed his father's Kodak, and took this now iconic image—his very first.



◀ **Burri's first dangerous assignment** was covering the Suez Crisis in 1956. In 1974 he was back in Egypt as British naval vessels cleared the Suez Canal of mines and scuttled Egyptian ships prior to the canal's reopening in 1975.

▲ **Denied a visa by the Chinese,** Burri almost missed a chance to shoot a 1964 demonstration against the Vietnam War in Tiananmen Square. He finagled his way into Communist China that year as a photographer for Pakistan International Airlines.





◀ **Police in full riot gear** release tear gas on student protesters in Seoul during the June Democratic Uprising in 1987. Back in South Korea after 26 years, Burri covered the protests, which eventually led to political reforms and a democratic election.



Burri in 2007, at age 74. His colleague Martin Parr called him "one of the great postwar photographers" and "one of the most generous people I have had the privilege to meet."

Clausewitz at War

The Prussian military theoretician was combat tested in the Napoleonic Wars

BY DONALD STOKER

Carl von Clausewitz's major book, On War, published in 1832, remains the indispensable work on military theory and strategy, and he is respected worldwide as a theoretician. Although famous as a man of letters and ideas, he was also a soldier, involved in three dozen battles during the Napoleonic wars.

Historian Donald Stoker's deeply researched new biography of Clausewitz, from which this excerpt is drawn, traces the vital interplay between Clausewitz's experiences as an army officer and the development of his strategic ideas on war. A single example: After Napoleon forced Prussia to join France in its war against Russia, hundreds of Prussian officers opposed to the emperor's hegemony resigned from the Prussian army to fight on the side of the Russians. Clausewitz joined Tsar Alexander's army as a lieutenant colonel and soon bore arms against the French, who invaded Russia on June 24, 1812. Clausewitz was posted as chief of staff of the III Cavalry Corps under General Count Peter Pahlen. He was decorated for bravery under fire during the fighting retreat from Vitebsk in July. Then came the Battle of Borodino.

The battlefield at Borodino conferred some advantages on the Russians. Several streams that twisted to the Moscow River cut the hilly terrain. This river and the Kolocha marked the battlefield's north, or right flank, and the villages of the Old Smolensk Road marked the southern, or left flank. The ground here was hilly, but not as much as the rest of the nearby earth. The Russians had a strong position in the center, one studded with high ground and cut by gullies and steep-banked creeks, as well as the village of Borodino itself. The Russians stiffened the position by building field fortifications. The Maslovo Flèches helped anchor their right. Rayevsky's Redoubt (or the Grand Redoubt) dominated the center; the Bagration Flèches and Shevardino Redoubt supported the Russian left (the Russians were forced out of this position before the main battle on September 5, after bitter fighting). The right flank of the Russian position, as Clausewitz observed, was certainly the strongest, made so by the terrain. This virtually dictated a French attack on the Russian left.

The Russian army stretched in a line along the Kolocha River, one Clausewitz later criticized because it assisted the French attacks on the weak Russian left, did not give the Russians a

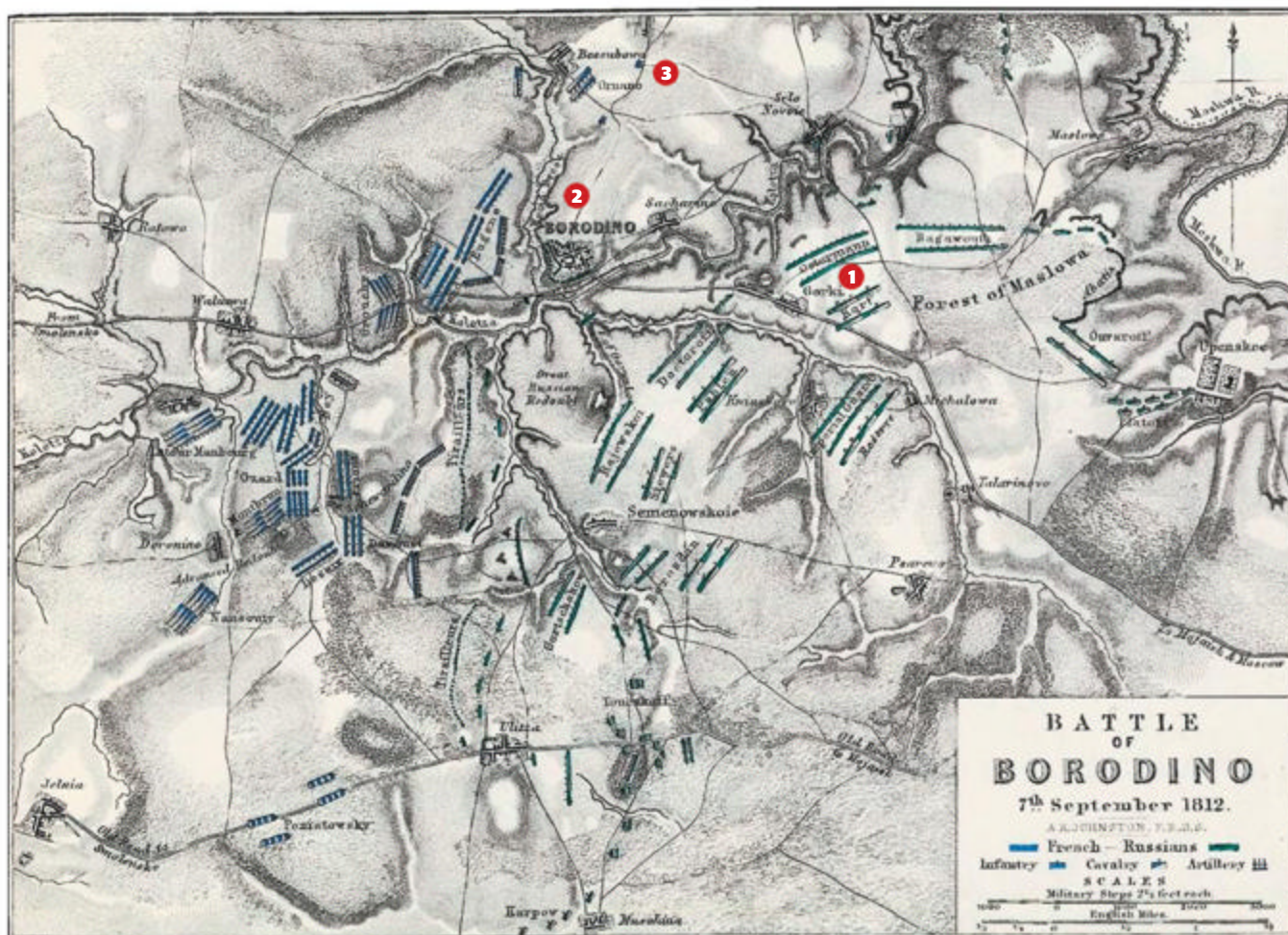
direct line of retreat, and ignored a second road that ran to the rear of their position. The placement of the Russian army in a type of arc that made the left flank weak—and drew the enemy there—also essentially placed the Russian right flank forces out of the fight. In Clausewitz's opinion, “it would have been better for the Russians to have extended the right wing along the Kolocha to the neighborhood of Gorky, and the rest of the terrain running to the Moskva River might have been occupied with a few units, or merely observed.” He approved of the short frontage, which produced a dense, layered defense that he believed contributed to the staunchness of the Russian resistance. But Clausewitz preferred even greater depth, insisting that it would have been better to have the reserves as well as the cavalry even farther back, beyond the enemy's view, 3,000 to 5,000 paces, because major battles develop slowly and further depth offers the opportunity to throw in the reserves at the decisive moment. He thought the Russian cavalry and reserves too close to the rear of the infantry, and thus exposed unnecessarily to enemy fire without utilizing their combat power.

Napoleon planned to open his attack with a heavy cannonade (he had 587 guns, almost twice his number at Waterloo). A heavy frontal assault would then strike the Russian center, supported by diversions on each flank. In the north, the troops of his stepson, Eugène de Beauharnais, were to capture the village of Borodino and then slide rightward, crossing the Kolocha and taking the Rayevsky Redoubt. This would also pin Russian forces so they couldn't be used elsewhere. Meanwhile, General Józef Poniatowski's men were to march around the Russian flank on the Old Smolensk Road and threaten their left. Napoleon's primary attack would be made in the center with Marshal Louis-Nicolas Davout's forces. Now, approximately 125,000 Russians awaited the attack of roughly 130,000 French troops. Both sides banked on brute force and attrition.

Not long after 6 a.m. on September 7, 1812, the French artillery commenced the bombardment. The French drums beat, and Napoleon's troops moved to attack. Eugène's troops quickly took Borodino and pushed on, while Poniatowski swung around the Russian left, driving the Russians out of the village of Utitsa. Davout's men dove into the Russian center, seizing the Bagration Flèches. The Russians counterattacked at approximately 7 a.m., throwing back Eugène's forces into Borodino, stopping Poniatowski cold, and pushing Davout from



Prussian army major general Carl von Clausewitz (1780-1831) at 50, wearing the Prussian Iron Cross 2nd class (at his neck), plus awards from Russia and Sweden



Clausewitz was with Russian general Fedor Uvarov's I Reserve Cavalry Corps at Gorky ① when it tried to flank the French line at Voina Brook ② north of Borodino on September 7. The attack failed near the dam at Bezzubovo ③.

the hard-won flèches. An intense fight for Davout's position ensued as both sides poured troops into the cauldron. By 8:30 Napoleon had been forced to commit all of his reserves except the Imperial Guard to this flank. Eugène pushed forward, launching a failed assault on the Rayevsky Redoubt. Napoleon massed forces in the center and at around 10 a.m. tried again. Both sides threw enormous amounts of artillery fire into the morass. Some of the Russians gave way, but re-formed with a ravine to their front. A series of French cavalry charges failed to dislodge them. Napoleon would not commit his guard—his last reserve—despite the pleas of his marshals. Russian general Mikhail Kutusov reinforced his weakened center and the attrition went on. Napoleon began planning a new assault.

It is at this point that Clausewitz's involvement in the battle intensifies. After General Pahlen fell ill, Clausewitz had found himself assigned as the senior quartermaster general to Lieutenant General Fedor Uvarov's I Reserve Cavalry Corps, which anchored the Russian right (or northernmost point). When General Matvei Platov, the Cossack commander on this flank, forded the Kolocha, he was stunned to find no French troops

where he had expected many. He watched as Eugène weakened this force to support his effort around Borodino and hit upon the idea that launching a flank attack could win the Russians much. He sent word to his superiors.

At the time (between 8 and 9 a.m.), Clausewitz was with the men of Uvarov's staff in Gorky village behind the Russian lines among Kutusov and his retinue. Colonel Toll, Kutusov's assistant quartermaster, arrived with word that everything was secure on the Russian right when a report came in that the Russians had captured Eugène during the fighting for the Rayevsky Redoubt. The report was later proven false, but initially after this news, Clausewitz said, "enthusiasm rose up like blazing straw." At this moment, Toll relayed Platov's idea to Kutusov and suggested the 2,500 men of I Cavalry Corps as the support. Kutusov, Clausewitz said, "who had been listening to the reports and discussions like someone who did not have his head screwed on straight," thought such a diversion might even win the battle, and agreed.

In his history of the 1812 campaign Clausewitz is critical of this attack. He believed such an action should be launched late in the day and also thought that using such a small force early in a battle against an enemy with abundant numbers had little hope of dramatic success. It also should have had infantry support because the Russians could certainly expect to meet enemy infantry as well as cavalry, and cavalry alone could not expect to triumph over two of the other service arms fighting in unison.

Kutuzov dispatched half of Platov's Cossacks (at most about 2,700 men) and the I Cavalry Corps commanded by Uvarov (Clausewitz with them), which had roughly 2,440 men and a dozen guns. Uvarov splashed across the Kolocha River on the north flank of both armies around Maloye Selo, the artillery in the rear. They wove through the marshy but steep-banked rivulets feeding the Kolocha and shifted left toward Borodino. Sometime between 11 and 12 o'clock they reached the Voina, a stream flowing past Borodino and into the Kolocha. The Voina hosted a dam, which created a small lake a bit south of Bezzubovo, a dot of a village almost due north of Borodino that marked the north of the French line. A bridge near the dam crossed the Voina, and a small mill stood nearby. As Uvarov's men moved, Platov's forces swept to the north of Bezzubovo and deeper behind the French lines.

When the Russian cavalry appeared, the French dispatched word to their corps commander, Eugène. The flank attack worried him enough that he called off his new attack on the Rayevsky Redoubt, dispatched an update to Napoleon, and took a horse to investigate. He reached the front in time to be swept up in Uvarov's attack and forced to seek safety in a French infantry square.

Clausewitz described the unfolding scene:

On the near side of the brook stood two regiments of French cavalry and a body of Italian infantry, perhaps a regiment or a reinforced battalion. The cavalry at once withdrew over the dam that crossed the brook about two thousand paces above Borodino, but the infantry [four regiments] was bold enough to remain and formed a square with its back to the brook. General Uvarov ordered his men to attack. In vain the author [Clausewitz] suggested that the square first be placed under fire by the light artillery; the Russian officers feared it would then retreat and they would not get any prisoners. The hussars of the Guard were therefore called forward and ordered to charge. They made three ineffectual attacks; the [French and Croats] maintained discipline and their tight formation and returned a steady fire. As is usual in such cases, the hussars turned back some 30 paces from the square and drew out of range. General Uvarov discontinued these not very brilliant attempts, ordered the artillery to open fire, and at the first volley the enemy withdrew across the brook. The whole business came to an end.

The Russian horsemen suffered heavily attacking the squares, and the French moved in more troops to oppose them. Eugène also called for cavalry reinforcements, which Major General Emmanuel de Grouchy dispatched. The Russian cavalry tried

to fight its way over the dam, but French canister and musket fire made that impossible. The Russian guns drove off the French battery, but the Russians simply lacked the strength to break through. Uvarov and Clausewitz soon realized that the mass of enemy troops facing them meant they could not attack Borodino itself, and they also grew increasingly aware that "the whole weight of the giant [Napoleon's army] was beginning to press upon them." Russian general staff officers, including Toll, began appearing among Uvarov's command to see what this move could accomplish. Clausewitz wrote that "under these circumstances the author thanked God for having been reduced to a zero. He was not even able to take part in the exchanges in Russian between General Uvarov and the various officers that were sent to him. From the outset he had been convinced that this diversion would fail, and now saw that if anything at all was to be salvaged it could be done only by a young fire eater who had his reputation to make, not by General Uvarov." Others felt similarly. Russian observers later

Clausewitz was critical of the Russian attacks

criticized Uvarov's advance as too slow, branding him a poor leader who missed a fine opportunity to damage the enemy.

It became apparent to Uvarov, Clausewitz, and others that the French had too many reserves for much to come out of the situation. Heavy fire from across the stream on the French left eventually interrupted several hours of wrangling back and forth about what to do. Clausewitz and his comrades discovered that Platov's Cossacks were hitting the French. "Soon we could see these troops [the Cossacks]—remarkable in that sometimes they are exceptionally brave and at other times exceptional cowards—careening about between enemy infantry and stands of trees without making a serious charge," Clausewitz wrote. "The enemy units opposite us feared that the Cossacks might force them into the swamp and marched off to one side. At this, the Cossacks of the Guards, who were attached to Uvarov's corps, could restrain themselves no longer. They streamed over the dam like a rocket with a long tail, and like lightning were among their brethren in the woods on the other side."

Clausewitz and Uvarov held their position. Uvarov kept up the pressure on the left flank, feigning attacks to keep the enemy from pulling forces from here to use in the center. They watched parts of the battle unfold until they received an order from Kutusov at 3 o'clock to return to their starting position. At between 4 and 5 they gathered behind Gorky. Uvarov's and Platov's superiors were not pleased—especially Kutusov. They thought spectacular results could have arisen from this attack if its leaders had properly executed it. Platov, who had a reputation for spending too much time with a bottle, was accused by several participants of being drunk when the attack was made.

Uvarov's and Platov's attack had an effect that Clausewitz didn't understand at the time (or even later). Napoleon was about to send the Young Guard to bolster his units fighting around Semeyonovskoe and the Rayevsky Redoubt, but the heavy firing from across the Voina (where the attack was going in) convinced him to wait. Worried about the potential threat to his baggage and communications, the emperor personally ordered forces to support Eugène and rode to the Kolocha River to examine his left. It was as much as two hours before he returned to his headquarters. The affair purchased the Russians two or three hours to re-form and strengthen their center, which had suffered heavy French blows.

As the bloody day drew to a close, "a fog soon covered the battlefield," a Russian officer wrote, "and complete stillness descended. Only now we were able to calmly discuss the events of this memorable day. None of us considered the battle lost." Indeed, Kutusov intended to fight a second day, but as the

Borodino was the bloodiest day of the Napoleonic era

casualty reports came in he reconsidered. The Russians had suffered heavy losses, more than the French, though they could not have known this at the time, and the encroaching French threatened their line of retreat. With nothing to be gained, and his forces still in solid order—wisely, Clausewitz observed later—Kutusov ordered a retreat, which began after midnight.

That night a wind kicked up, and a cold rain began to fall on the charnel house that was Borodino. Between them the armies had suffered approximately 65,000 casualties, 108 for every minute of battle. Indeed, this was the bloodiest one-day fight of the Napoleonic era, and the daily loss rate eclipsed that of Verdun and Stalingrad. Tens of thousands of dead and wounded lay on Borodino's hills, and thousands more would die in improvised field hospitals over the next few days, often from hunger and thirst. The French suffered fewer casualties, but the slight difference mattered little.

Napoleon has often been criticized, at the time and since, for not committing his last reserves at Borodino and thus destroying the Russian army, and for not ordering a pursuit. Clausewitz, for his part, defended the emperor on both counts. Doing the first, he says, could have weakened Napoleon's army to the point where he could not have reached Moscow, which Napoleon believed necessary for forcing a peace (though he would be proved wrong about this). On the latter criticism, Clausewitz points out that when the battle had been decided, at 4 p.m., the Russians were strongly upon the field, had not yet decided to leave, and would have inflicted heavy casualties on the French.

Kutusov announced their victory and then told Tsar Alexan-

der that their casualties had been too heavy to hold a position as large as the one at Borodino. This necessitated their withdrawal to Mozhaik, "where he hoped to receive reinforcements and fight another action." He also told Alexander that winning battles was not his objective; he sought the destruction of the French army. Alexander recognized that Kutusov's decision to withdraw had been the right one, but he also knew that announcing the battle as a victory and not mentioning the withdrawal was smart politics. He promoted Kutusov to field marshal and gave rewards and decorations to many others. Clausewitz later received a golden saber inscribed with "For Bravery" for his service as Uvarov's quartermaster general at Borodino and other places.

The Russians, in an orderly manner, spent the next seven days withdrawing the 80 miles from Borodino to Moscow. In the retreat, Platov initially commanded the rearguard, which included Uvarov's cavalry, with Clausewitz still serving as quartermaster. The Russian army re-formed behind Mozhaik, about 10 miles to the east, on September 8. Marshal Joachim Murat's cavalry led the French pursuit. They reached the Russians that afternoon, and made some light attacks, but failed to break into the city. Reinforced, the French hit harder the next morning and Platov abandoned the town. Upset that Platov had allowed the French to so easily take Mozhaik—which housed so many Russian wounded—Kutuzov replaced him with Mikhail Miloradovitch. The Russians continued their retreat on the 9th, after which, Clausewitz noted later, a pattern emerged on their march to Moscow.

The French cavalry—Murat's force—followed lightly, the sides usually skirmished faintly in the afternoon, but with little result beyond a continued Russian withdrawal, whereupon both sides then encamped. "Only one day proved an exception," Clausewitz wrote of this rearguard campaign, and it occurred when they were at the village of Krymskoye about 50 miles west of Moscow:

On September 10 Miloradovitch had moved to within two miles of the main body of the army when, an hour before sundown, the French appeared with infantry and artillery as well as cavalry. Miloradovitch could not take evasive action without uncovering the main camp, and because the ground seemed not unfavorable he decided to risk battle. The Russian infantry, drawn up among trees on a low ridge, defended itself vigorously, and after it was forced to withdraw it continued to fight for another hour in a very unfavorable position at the foot of the ridge. Here too the French attacks, though initiated with great energy, had a feeble quality about them. The engagement lasted until 11 o'clock, and Miloradovitch retained a position close behind the battlefield.

Clausewitz described this to his wife, Marie, as "a fierce rearguard action which lasted until late in the night," during which his horse was wounded.

In the rearguard, Clausewitz and his comrades endured almost daily combat, but the rigors of retreat itself proved nearly as threatening. The rearguard, Clausewitz said, "usually



On September 7, French heavy cavalry, including the Saxon Cuirassiers, shown here in a panorama at the Battle of Borodino Museum in Moscow, frontally assaulted the stoutly defended Rayevsky Redoubt in a bloody mêlée that eventually exhausted both armies.

found all wells dry and the smaller streams fouled and had to rely on whatever rivers and small lakes might be in the area.” It was even worse for the French, of course, who came behind even them. “The author still vividly recalls the oppressive lack of water during this campaign,” Clausewitz wrote later. “Never had he suffered such thirst; the filthiest puddles were emptied to quench the fever, and washing was often out of the question for a week. How this affected the cavalry can be imagined, and as we have said, the French must have suffered doubly. It is well known in what wretched condition the French cavalry reached Moscow.” During the entire retreat (14 weeks by the time it was over, Clausewitz told his Prussian colleague August von Gneisenau), he never slept in a town or village.

Though they struggled to find water—a problem exacerbated by the summer being hotter and dryer than normal—the Russian supply system kept them fed. “It is true that bread was usually lacking and that one had to content oneself with very bad biscuits, which however were not unhealthy and proved as nourishing as bread would have been. Porridge, meat, and spirits were plentiful. There was seldom grain for the horses, but Russian horses are used to feeding on hay,” Clausewitz wrote to Marie.

Both armies relied to at least some extent on foraging to feed both animals and men (the French more so than the

Russians, whose line of retreat housed many supply depots). When the rearguard entered a village, they consumed any food and forage and then burned or tore down the buildings. “What had at first been thoughtlessness and carelessness gradually became policy,” Clausewitz recalled, “which was often extended to small and large towns as well.” In his three months in the rearguard he saw almost nothing but scenes of fire. They destroyed the bridges and cut the numbers from the mileposts. “These difficulties impeded the French advance and burdened and wasted the energies of man and beast.”

After a council of war on September 13, Kutusov took the side of the generals urging retreat and abandoning Moscow to the French. Clausewitz thought Borodino had decided Moscow’s fate and wrote Gneisenau shortly after the battle that “I find that the evacuation of Moscow is neither a crime nor an error.” He believed Kutusov had to choose between saving Moscow or the army and made the right choice, as a second battle would have likely meant a total Russian defeat. Kutusov preserved the Russian army. Because he did, the war went on. **MHQ**

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Flawed From the

By March 1944 Germany's U-boats in the Atlantic had turned from predator to prey, pursued by patrol aircraft: A Royal Canadian Air Force Sunderland has bracketed *U-625* with six depth charges and has begun machine gunning (splashes to starboard).



Start



Why Germany's Kriegsmarine lost the Battle of the Atlantic

BY WILLIAMSON MURRAY

AT THE OUTBREAK of World War II, the commander in chief of the Kriegsmarine, Admiral Erich Raeder, penned a despairing note in the navy's war diary:

Today the war against England and France broke out....It is self-evident that the navy is in no manner sufficiently equipped in the fall of 1939 to embark on a great struggle with England. It is true in the short time since 1935...we have created a well-trained force which at the present time has 26 boats [submarines] capable of use in the Atlantic, but which is, nevertheless, much too weak to be decisive in war. Surface forces, however, are still too few in numbers and strength compared to the English fleet....[They] can only show that they know how to die with honor and thus, create the basis for the re-creation of a future fleet.

Raeder's prediction was to prove close to the mark, except in his pious hope that the German navy's destruction would lead to the creation of another, better fleet.

After the Second World War many historians gave the Germans high marks for their conduct of the war in the Atlantic. In retrospect, such judgments were too favorable. Little in that record suggests operational or strategic competence. As the greatest historian of the conflict, Gerhard Weinberg, has suggested, the Germans would have been better off in World War II if they had built no navy at all and devoted those resources to the army and the Luftwaffe.

Four days after taking office as chancellor in January 1933, Adolf Hitler announced to the Reich's military leaders his goal of overthrowing the entire European balance of power. At the same time, he presented his military with a blank check to begin a massive program of rearmament. The Kriegsmarine's leaders then embarked on a buildup that paid little attention to the Reich's economic weaknesses or its geographic difficulties in any conflict with the British. They displayed even less imagination in their planning. Their emphasis throughout the 1930s was on the creation of a large fleet of battleships and heavy cruisers. Moreover, Raeder showed little interest in aircraft carriers, which he characterized as "only gasoline tankers."

The first major naval operation of the war came with the German invasion of Scandinavia in April 1940. That amphibious operation succeeded in conquering Denmark and Norway but at a very high

NO. 422 SQUADRON RCN/WM VIA GETTY IMAGES

cost—which would have been even higher had the British been paying attention. One young British military analyst, Harry Hinsley, still without his Cambridge undergraduate degree, had warned his superiors that based on his analysis of the call signs of the Kriegsmarine's warships, the Germans appeared to be on the brink of launching a major operation somewhere in Scandinavia. He was ignored, and the Germans slipped their landing forces into major Norwegian ports under the nose of the Royal Navy.

In early June 1940 Hinsley warned his superiors that the German battle cruisers *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* appeared to be operating off Norway's North Cape. Again his superiors paid him no attention. The Germans promptly sank the British carrier *Glorious* with its entire complement of Hurricanes and pilots, plus two escorting destroyers. But on their run back to German harbors the two battle cruisers were torpedoed and heavily damaged by the British and were not available for active operations until December 1940. The German naval staff had risked sending the cruisers to the North Cape in a demonstration to influence "postwar budget debates"—despite Hitler's warning to Raeder that it might be necessary to invade Britain at the end of the summer. So just when the Germans were considering the seaborne invasion of the British Isles, the Kriegsmarine had only one operational heavy cruiser and a small number of destroyers.

The performance of the Kriegsmarine's surface fleet during the remainder of the war can be briefly summarized: The *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* were fully operational by January 1941 and returned to active service. They joined the cruiser *Admiral Hipper* in raiding Britain's North Atlantic SLOCs—sea lines of communications—and all three raiders achieved some success in forcing the British to send battleships to guard the convoys. After sinking 115,000 tons of merchant shipping, the two battle cruisers reached Brest at the end of March 1941. Then, with the *Scharnhorst* in dry dock for overhaul, a British Coastal Command aircraft torpedoed the *Gneisenau*.

In May 1941 Raeder sent the new super battleship *Bismarck*, accompanied by the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, into the Atlantic. After sinking the British battle cruiser *Hood*, the *Bismarck* was attacked by a Swordfish aircraft launched from HMS *Ark Royal*, the kind of carrier Raeder had contemptuously dismissed. One torpedo jammed the *Bismarck*'s rudder, leaving the battleship able to do no more than travel in great circles in the mid-Atlantic. The *Bismarck*'s crew could only await their doom, which soon arrived with the battleships of the Home Fleet.

In the Battle of the Barents Sea in late December 1942, the performance of the pocket battleship *Lützow* and the heavy cruiser *Admiral Hipper* was so appallingly bad—they sank one destroyer out of a convoy protected by six destroyers and two corvettes—that Hitler ordered the navy to decommission and break up the surface fleet. Admiral Karl Dönitz, who replaced Raeder as the Kriegsmarine's commander in chief, persuaded the führer to rescind his order, but the surface ships contributed

little else to the war effort. A fleet led by the British battleship *Duke of York* sank the *Scharnhorst* off North Cape in late December 1943, while the *Bismarck*'s sister ship, the *Tirpitz*, was sunk in November 1944 in a Norwegian fjord by three 12,000-pound Tallboy bombs dropped by Bomber Command Lancasters. It was hardly the end with honor for the surface fleet that Raeder had imagined.

THUS, A NAVAL WAR against Britain rested on what the German U-boats could achieve. Germany had gone to war in September 1939 with 57 U-boats, but only 26 of them were long-distance oceangoing boats. The exceedingly well-trained force was under Dönitz, an experienced submarine commander from the First World War. He drew his lessons from that conflict, and unlike most of his fellow admirals, believed that U-boats could wage a successful campaign against the British SLOCs. How he prepared for that conflict and conducted the Battle of the Atlantic shows his limitations as a military leader. Dönitz was a tactician with little interest in the potential of technology to extend the reach and impact of his offensive. A straight numbers man, he believed the crucial measure in a war against British commerce should be the tonnage of merchant ships sunk by U-boats. He also believed that, as in World War I, most of the fighting would take place in the waters close to the British Isles. A central land-based command headquarters would control the boats and concentrate them against British convoys, which Dönitz thought would be easy to find.

In the prewar period the Germans failed to do the kind of serious wargaming that the United States had carried out at the Naval War College. Such gaming could have indicated some of the operational difficulties the Germans might, and did, confront in their attacks on the British SLOCs. In particular, it likely would have suggested that the British response to any significant U-boat success would be to increase their antisubmarine forces and their capabilities—which might well make the waters around the British Isles too dangerous for U-boats. Thus, the campaign to interdict the SLOCs would almost inevitably have to move out into the open Atlantic, where the convoys would have more room to maneuver and where it would be difficult to concentrate the U-boat "wolf pack" group attacks on which Dönitz's concept depended. It would also make intelligence a major factor in the fight.

The design of the U-boats the Germans built before and during the war underscores the narrowness of Dönitz's vision. His emphasis was on the Type VII, a small 626-to-965-ton U-boat with a relatively short range. It was designed for use in the waters off the British Isles but would be at increasing disadvantage the farther out in the Atlantic it operated; it barely had the range to reach the east coast of the United States and fight there. The Type IX U-boat, a larger fleet submarine analogous to but smaller than the U.S. Navy's fleet boats, had the range to operate along the east coast of the United States



Admiral Karl Donitz (right) was an ardent Nazi and dogmatic tactician who rose to command the Kriegsmarine in World War II.

for significant periods of time. The fact that the Germans built nearly three times as many Type VIIIs as Type IXs and continued to produce Type VIIIs throughout the war underlines Dönitz's lack of strategic imagination.

The German U-boat war did not get off to an impressive start. Only 35 new boats entered service in the war's first year, while the Germans lost 28 at sea. However, the fall of France in spring 1940 changed the parameters within which the Battle of the Atlantic would be fought. German U-boats now had access to the major French naval ports of Brest, Saint-Nazaire, Bordeaux, and Cherbourg, which were closer to the mid-Atlantic than many British ports. The challenge of fighting off the German submarine menace was made more difficult for the Royal Navy by the threat of a cross-Channel invasion during the summer and fall of 1940. The British had to concentrate substantial numbers of destroyers at both ends of the Channel, approximately 35 at Harwich and 35 in the Plymouth and Portsmouth areas. That reduced the availability of antisubmarine escorts to protect the SLOCs, and the British paid a high price in lost ships and merchant sailors.

The Germans called fall and early winter 1940 the "first happy time," as U-boat aces such as Günther Prien, Otto Kretschmer, and Joachim Schepke participated in the slaughter of the weakly protected British convoys. Attacks on convoys in September and October heralded the arrival of German wolf packs. In September 1940 four boats attacked convoy HX 72 out of Halifax and sank 11 of the 42 merchant vessels. Similar disasters followed, and Luftwaffe crews flying the ill-suited Fw-200C Condors sank over 300,000 tons of British shipping in 1940–1941.

But the British rapidly awoke to the danger. Many destroyers returned to convoy duty in the winter, while the Royal Navy focused on using technology to improve its antisubmarine capabilities. Some of these developments had long-term impacts and over time that became more important than immediate tactical advantages. The British pushed the envelope of anti-submarine warfare: developing and equipping the escorts with radar; improving ASDIC (the British equivalent of sonar); developing and equipping Coastal Command's aircraft with airborne radar; improving the shore-based, direction-finding equipment to locate U-boats that were transmitting; developing direction-finding equipment to identify the positions of U-boats shadowing their convoys; and improving the power and killing potential of depth charges. They also developed new weapons such as the Hedgehog, a forward-firing mortar that was designed to launch salvos on U-boats that had just dived and were still at shallow depth, and the short-range radio, which allowed escorts to communicate among themselves without alerting German listening stations and giving away the convoy's location. They also reintroduced the high-powered Leigh light, which, along with airborne radar, proved particularly deadly later in the war in night operations against U-boats. Though it would take considerable time for the British to man and equip their escorts' crews and train them to use these weapons and gear, by early spring 1941 the British were well on the way to developing the technologies and weapons systems that would finally crush the U-boat threat. Significantly, the Germans displayed no such interest in improving the technologies available to their U-boats.

SOME IMPROVEMENTS IN ESCORTS and anti-submarine tactics had immediate impacts.

In March 1941 the British sank five U-boats, including those commanded by veteran submariners Prien, Schepke, and Kretschmer—thanks in part to the new and highly effective Type 271 radar. Moreover, the increased number of escorts and air cover resulted in less success for U-boats around the British Isles. Nevertheless, the tonnage of merchant ships sunk remained high during the first six months of 1941. In March and April U-boats sank nearly half a million tons of Allied shipping. In May the total was over 320,000 tons; in June, some 302,000 tons. Winston Churchill noted in his memoirs that only the Battle of the Atlantic gave him sleepless nights during the war.

March also saw some crucial pieces of luck and some insight that provided the British with a major intelligence coup. Bletchley Park, the center of British code-breaking efforts, had had little success cracking the naval ciphers of the Enigma machine used by Dönitz's U-boats. But in March 1941 Harry Hinsley had a brilliant insight: He suddenly remembered that German weather ships operating off Iceland were carrying Enigma machines and codebooks and suggested to his superiors that the Royal Navy mount a cutting-out operation to capture a weather ship containing the priceless daily settings for the Enigma U-boat coding. This time they listened, and the Home Fleet mounted an operation with three cruisers and four destroyers that was entirely successful. It was one of several Royal Navy successes in seizing Enigma settings and codebooks.

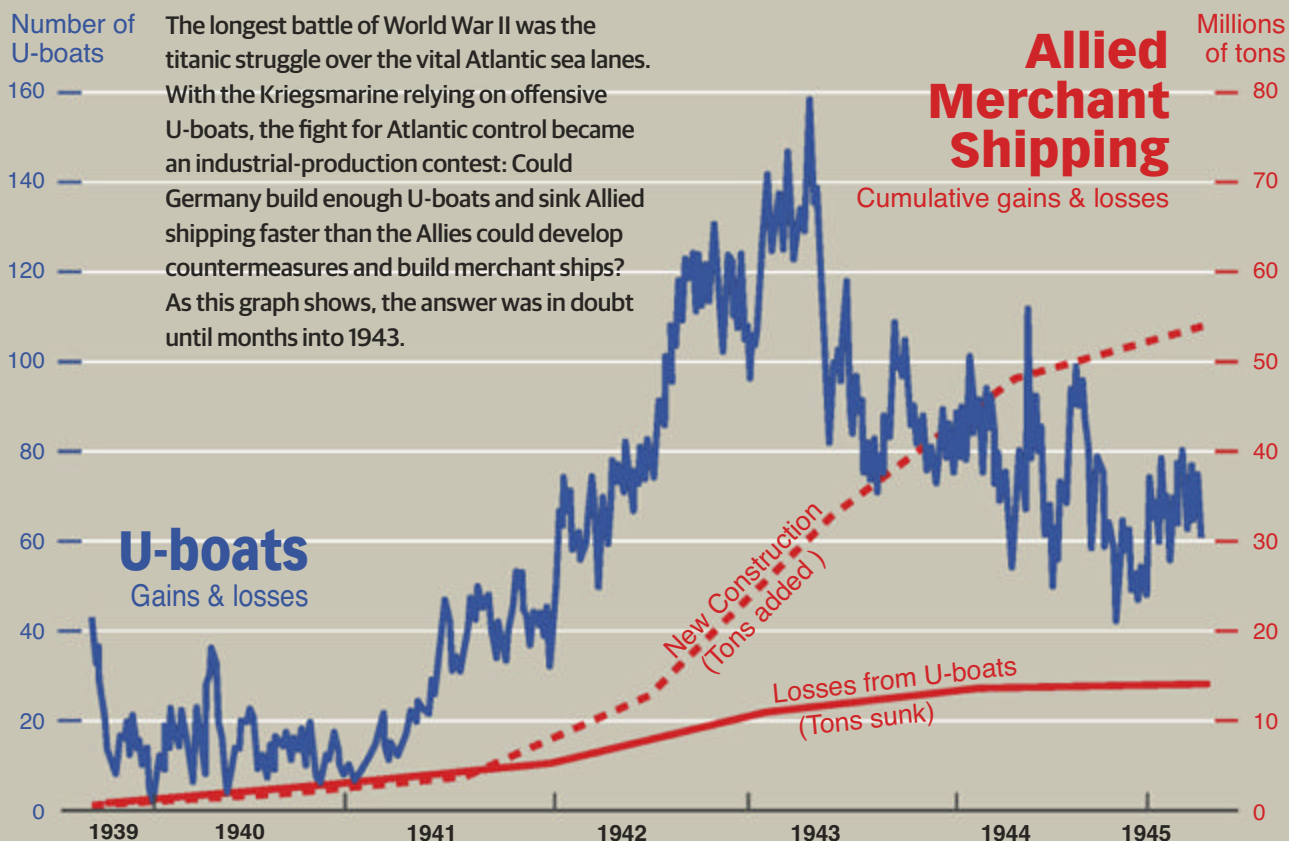
The British soon were able to break into the traffic between Dönitz's headquarters in Lorient and the U-boats deployed to find British convoys. British code breaking—signals intelligence known as Ultra—grew so sophisticated that once Bletchley Park's code breakers had cracked the U-boat code, they were

able to continue decoding German radio traffic even without access to the enemy's latest settings.

For the last half of 1941 Western Approaches Command, responsible for the Battle of the Atlantic, was able to guide the convoys, with Ultra's help, around the U-boat patrol lines Dönitz had established. What happened to convoy HX 133 at the end of June 1941 underlines the Ultra contribution. *U-203* had sighted the convoy and reported it to U-boat headquarters, which ordered a concentration of U-boats against the convoy. Bletchley Park decrypted those messages and warned Western Approaches Command, which immediately diverted the convoy and pulled escorts from two other convoys not under threat, sending them to reinforce HX 133. Coastal Command also concentrated its aircraft as the convoy came within range. After a five-day running battle, Dönitz gave up; he had lost two boats, while a major concentration of his submarines had managed to sink only six merchantmen.

In July 1941, the first month in which the British could incorporate Ultra intelligence fully into their operations at sea, losses to U-boats dropped to 61,676 tons, the lowest since May

Keeping Score in the Atlantic: U-boats vs. Allied Shipping



1940. Losses spiked in September (292,829) and October (156,554), but that was largely a result of the Gibraltar convoys passing too close to German reconnaissance aircraft flying out of southern France—it was simply impossible to find room to maneuver the convoys around the U-boats in the vicinity of the straits.

THE REAL WARNING SIGN of how tenuous the framework of Dönitz's U-boat offensive had become arrived at the end of 1941. Responding to the excessive losses on the British Gibraltar convoys in September and October, the Admiralty had shut down those convoys until December, when they could gather sufficient experienced escorts to protect a large convoy from Gibraltar through to the British Isles. In command of the 17 escorts was Captain Johnnie Walker, the most effective and fiercest antisubmarine officer in the war. Joining Walker's escorts was Britain's first escort carrier, the *Audacity*. Warned by Ultra where the U-boats were located, Walker led the convoy on a route well to the south before turning north. It took the German U-boats and aircraft two days to find the convoy. On the third day, the *Audacity's* aircraft caught *U-131* on the surface, and after their attack forced it to dive, the escorts finished it off. The next morning Walker's escorts caught *U-434* and sank it. That night *U-574* torpedoed a destroyer, the *Stanley*, but Walker's ship blasted the sub to the surface with depth charges; then the sloop *Stork* rammed and sank it. The following night the escorts sank *U-567*. The British did lose the *Audacity*, but that was because its commander failed to heed Walker's advice and each evening took the carrier outside the convoy, where it was eventually torpedoed by *U-471*.

After losing four U-boats, and with the rest constantly harried by the escorts, Dönitz called off the attack. The British had lost only two merchantmen and a destroyer in addition to the escort carrier; the Germans lost four U-boats, with several others damaged. The warning was plain to Dönitz: A well-escorted convoy with good leadership was now able to impose unacceptable casualties on the wolf packs.

The battle's focus then underwent a drastic change in venue: On December 11, 1941, Hitler declared war on the United States, an egregious strategic mistake if ever there was one. The Kriegsmarine's leadership was delighted. In fact, Raeder and Dönitz had visited the führer twice the previous summer in an effort to persuade him to do just that, since it would allow them to launch their U-boats against shipping along America's east coast. Hitler had initially put them off on the basis that the time was not yet right. But in the second week of December, the German admirals got their wish. The Americans were completely unprepared for submarine attacks, and the result



The Hedgehog, a forward-firing mortar that dropped clusters of 35-pound-explosive depth charges, multiplied the antisubmarine punch of British destroyers like HMS *Westcott*.

was a slaughter of unescorted vessels—unescorted because Adolphus Andrews, the admiral in charge of antisubmarine defenses, had not a clue. The losses were terrible, and they mounted steadily as Dönitz concentrated his Type IXs on America's east coast and then into the Caribbean. Merchant shipping losses in those waters rapidly rose from 276,795 tons (59 ships) in January 1942 to 534,064 tons (95 ships) in March. Not only was the American tactical approach faulty but Tenth Fleet inexplicably refused to incorporate British or American intelligence into its operations. The real problem was that the Allies had to defend a vastly increased area from the depredations of the U-boats. The SLOCs requiring protection ranged from Murmansk to the British Isles and from the east coast of North America to the United Kingdom.

IN EARLY 1942 THE AMERICANS finally introduced convoys and increased air patrols, and the U-boats moved on to the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean, which still lacked effective defenses. In May sinkings of Allied shipping there reached almost half a million tons, with losses particularly heavy among tankers. All told, German U-boats sank three million tons in U.S. waters in the first half of 1942. During that same period, air and surface antisubmarine forces managed to sink only six U-boats. Dönitz thought he was on the brink of victory. He was not. The Americans, at last awake to the danger, concentrated on establishing effective air and escort forces to battle the U-boats in the Gulf and Caribbean. By July the number of sinkings in those waters had dropped by a third, while the Germans lost eight boats there.

Ironically, had the Battle of the Atlantic not moved to the east coast of the United States, the Germans would soon have realized that the British had broken Enigma in late 1941. But even without that awareness, Germany introduced a new rotor to the naval Enigma machine in February 1942, adding

**A major antisubmarine
weapon** of the Battle of
the Atlantic was the 450-
pound depth charge, here
seen detonating behind a
British frigate in 1944.



another layer of complexity, and for the next year the British were unable to break back in.

Nonetheless, the Americans gained ground in the Battle of the Atlantic. From a dismal total of only 21 U-boats sunk in the first half of 1942, they managed to take out 65 over the last half of the year. The heavy losses in merchant vessels also led the U.S. government to embark on a major program of building replacement merchant vessels, an effort that would lead to the mass production of Liberty ships. That unprecedented production would eventually replace the losses of the war's first years and provide support for the projection of American power across the Atlantic and Pacific.

A NEW CHALLENGE confronting the Allied navies—the Royal Navy, the U.S. Navy, and the Royal Canadian Navy—was that German production and crewing up of U-boats had increased significantly. During the final six months of 1942, Dönitz received approximately 30 new U-boats every month, though few technological upgrades had been made to them; their lack of radar made it difficult to identify and follow convoys or to attack at night. To Dönitz, the U-boat war continued to be a matter of tactics, not technology. Moreover, the new boats masked the fact that raw numbers could not make up for the steady decline in the level of training and experience of U-boat skippers. U-boat successes had been largely the work of a handful of bold and experienced commanders; the commanders of the new boats proved incapable of attacking convoys effectively.

Though the Germans had broken the Allied code for convoys, Western Approaches Command was able to guide over 60 percent of the convoys across the Atlantic without loss. That was thanks to shore-based direction-finding gear that pinpointed U-boat transmissions (the U-boat high command and the boats continued to exchange a needlessly high number of transmissions). In the last half of 1942, as the Americans tightened up their antisubmarine defenses in the Caribbean, the Germans moved their U-boats back into the central area of the North Atlantic, where Allied air power was still unable to fully cover the convoys.

The increases in the number of U-boats allowed Dönitz to extend his patrol lines in the Atlantic and, with the help of his code breakers, to target a number of convoys. October and November 1942 were disasters for the Allies. When a large number of escorts were pulled off convoy duty to protect Operation Torch, the landings in North Africa, the Germans again savaged the shipping in the SLOCs. October's total was 105 ships sunk, 566,939 tons, and in November the U-boats achieved their highest total of the war: 123 ships, 768,732 tons. Then the Atlantic blew up a series of storms that severely limited the ability of the U-boats to operate in December 1942 and January 1943.

The Battle of the North Atlantic resumed in full fury in February 1943, but by then the British had again broken the German naval codes. The issue became which side would

make the mistake of transmitting an indication that they had broken the other's codes. The British, with their emphasis on security, did not give the game away; the Germans did. And once the British saw evidence that the Germans were reading their convoy codes, they immediately embarked on the herculean task of redoing their codes.

With Dönitz concentrating masses of U-boats in the central Atlantic and with the weather finally calming down—at least in the North Atlantic—fierce battles broke out as the British moved their convoys across the mid-ocean gap in air cover. In February the Allies lost 359,276 tons in the North Atlantic; still with 18 U-boats lost, Dönitz could not have been happy. In March sinkings by U-boats reached 627,377 tons, but within two months Allied escorts and air cover reversed the battle. The Germans lost 41 boats in May while sinking only 264,852 tons of shipping in the North Atlantic. The losses were so heavy that Dönitz finally had to call off the campaign.

The U-boat war had reached the tipping point, one that the Germans should have foreseen. But with the Germans literally fighting day to day, with no longer-range perspective, they continued to place tactics and numbers before all else. In effect, they continued to fight the war with a slightly improved version of their World War I boat (their technological improvements came too late in the war to make much difference), and with tactics that were increasingly ineffective. The British on the other hand utilized their intellectual and military-experience capital to create a superb defense, in which tactics played only a partial role.

Fanatical to the end, Dönitz continued to send his U-boat teams out in their obsolete craft against impossible odds. Despite moving their boats away from the North Atlantic after the disastrous losses of May 1943, the Germans lost 143 over the rest of the year. In 1944 they would lose 249 boats and in the five months of 1945 another 159; in the last year of the war they were losing close to one U-boat for every two merchantmen they sank. Nearly 30,000 U-boat sailors would die in pursuing Dönitz's flawed hope that somehow fanaticism and faith in the führer would lead to success. Throughout the war, the Germans failed to recognize how effectively their opponents were using technology to counteract the U-boat attacks. Part of this was the result of inadequate staffing and analysis, but part was due to Dönitz's decision to move his boats from one theater to another as the Allies adapted. Seeking the weak link in the Allied system of shipping, the Germans eventually faced a situation when the Allied defenses were strong everywhere. Then, without making any real changes in their own technological and tactical effectiveness, their U-boats were quite literally sunk.

MHQ

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Hindman's War

A Confederate long shot in Arkansas

BY NOAH ANDRE TRUDEAU



Charging up a hill and into an orchard, men from the 37th Illinois find themselves flanked on two sides during the Battle of Prairie Grove.



THE BAYONET OR RETREAT, BY ANDY THOMAS. WWW.ANDYTHOMAS.COM

To turn around a famous Lincoln phrase, the Mississippi in 1862 was a vexed river. Union passage was blocked by the Southern fortress cities of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, which in turn relied on standing armies covering both sides of the river for critical support. The Federal conquest of the Mississippi Valley scored one win in early March, when outnumbered U.S. forces managed a victory in northwest Arkansas at the Battle of Pea Ridge. That wrecked the principal Rebel army serving the state and Missouri and cleared the Mississippi's west banks for Federal control. ★ The Confederate high command signaled its priorities when it quickly ordered the remnants of the defeated army to the river's east side, to support what were deemed more critical operations. This would have closed the chapter and left Union planners with one less problem had it not been for a fanatical Confederate officer, who raised an army from the ashes and launched his own unsanctioned high-stakes campaign to restore Rebel control over the Arkansas-Missouri region, including the Mississippi's west bank. Major General Thomas C. Hindman Jr., appointed in May 1862 to take charge

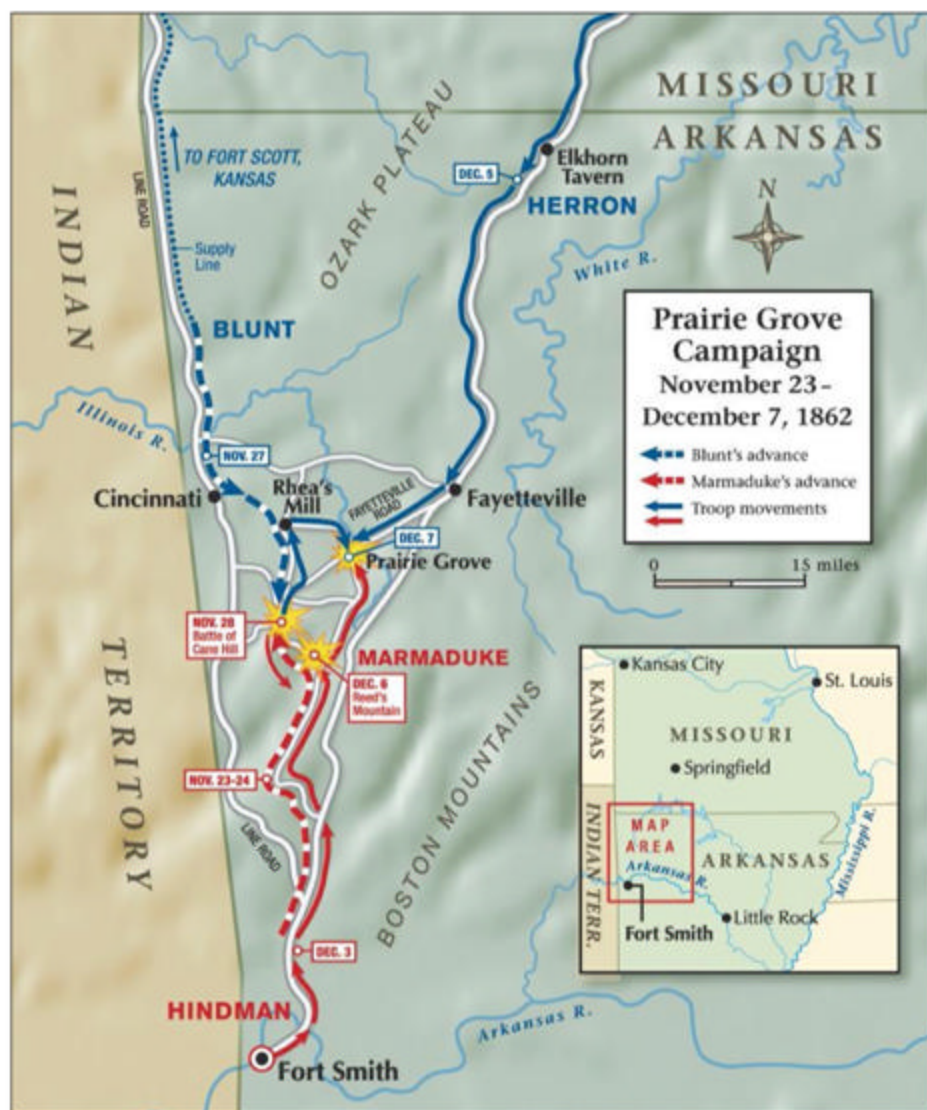
of the District of the Trans-Mississippi (which covered Arkansas and Missouri), was a former U.S. Congressman who had served in the Mexican War and at the Battle of Shiloh. He was also an intense Southerner, who believed that in this war the ends justified the means. When he found, on his arrival in Arkansas, that the Confederate army had ceased to exist there, Hindman put the state on a total war footing: He declared martial law, promoted guerrilla operations, aggressively enforced the draft, and regulated the economy through price controls. Within two months, he had cobbled together a sizable military force from volunteers and conscripts and forged a rudimentary military supply system. He had also made a lot of enemies.

Confederate president Jefferson Davis reacted to complaints about Hindman by inserting an officer above him in overall command. Demonstrating once again his odd knack for putting the wrong people in important posts, Davis tagged his old friend Major General Theophilus H. Holmes as Hindman's superior. The bumbling, tentative Holmes surprised everyone by continuing many of Hindman's policies but toning down their enforcement. Hindman also surprised observers by finding ways to work with his new boss. Yet throughout the fall of 1862, his pugnacious posture provoked several minor engagements along the western Arkansas-Missouri border and caused Holmes, in Little Rock, to fret.

In late November Hindman and his 15,000-man Trans-Mississippi Army were headquartered at Fort Smith, about 160 miles northwest of Little Rock. He was at the extreme end of the Confederate logistical pipeline and in constant need of all military essentials. Taking advantage of a moment when Union forces had pulled back, he sent Brigadier General John S. Marmaduke's cavalry north 35 miles through the Boston Mountains—the highest part of the Ozark Plateau and cut with deep gorges—to Cane Hill, a fertile farming territory not yet picked clean by marauders, making foraging still worthwhile. Marmaduke and Hindman anticipated a countering Union move from Kansas and realized that if the Yankees came far

enough south, they would be dangerously isolated from their nearest reinforcements in Springfield, Missouri.

Three Union divisions, grouped as the Army of the Frontier, opposed Hindman. The western wing, supplied out of Fort Scott in eastern Kansas, was led by Brigadier General James G. Blunt, a medical man and grim abolitionist who had a natural affinity for things military. Despite his reputation for drinking and womanizing, he was a hard fighter who could think on his feet. His immediate superior was ill, leaving Blunt in charge of the entire Army of the Frontier. The army's eastern wing, under the temporary command of Brigadier General Francis J. Herron, contained two divisions staging out of Springfield, with their supply umbilical snaking back to St. Louis. Herron, a Pennsylvanian well liked by his men, was a fierce warrior whose determined leadership at Pea Ridge had helped stem



Determined to control the Arkansas-Missouri border region, and with it the Mississippi's critical west bank, Union and Confederate forces marched from north and south, converging around a forested plateau called Prairie Grove in the autumn of 1862.

the Rebel tide. His actions there merited a Medal of Honor for “repeated acts of daring, until he himself was disabled and taken prisoner.” The shared Federal focus was on breaking up any organized Confederate forces throughout the region.

In late November Blunt did the unexpected and marched his 5,000 soldiers directly toward the Rebel cavalry, causing Marmaduke to hustle his wagons south. Blunt snapped at Marmaduke’s rear guard, then, to Hindman’s surprise and delight, settled in around Cane Hill instead of returning to Kansas. This gave Hindman the opportunity he had been hoping for. The Confederate plan called for Marmaduke to strike at Blunt’s force from the south, while Hindman attacked from the east and Native American allies blocked roads to the west. But getting Hindman’s resource-challenged forces into marching order consumed several days, and even when the troops began moving on December 3, it was slow going for the men, animals, and rickety wagons. Hindman finally got into position late on December 6 and was preparing for the morning’s fight when a courier brought startling information.

Blunt had been alert to the dangers of his exposed position and had made sure he had eyes on Fort Smith. On December 2 he had learned that the Rebels there were stirring, and he had sent orders to Springfield for the rest of the army to join him. It took a hard-riding courier less than a day to cover the 56 miles from Blunt’s headquarters at Cane Hill to the nearest telegraph operator at Elkhorn Tavern, then just hours for troops at Springfield to be dispatched. With the energetic Herron in charge, no time was lost as the men marched at a blistering pace and without tents or baggage, southwest through Fayetteville to Cane Hill. Incredibly, the Union divisions had been on the move even before Hindman’s men had departed Fort Smith, and while the Confederates had been hard pressed to make 10 miles a day, Herron’s column had covered 30. So the news delivered to the Confederate commander on the evening of December 6 was grim: A large Yankee column was within a day’s march on the Fayetteville Road.

Going after Blunt was now out, but after pondering his situation, Hindman favored an option offering an even greater opportunity. His forces would turn to smash this arriving enemy force, then hustle back to finish up with Blunt, clearing west-central Arkansas of Yankee soldiers and opening the door to Missouri. In crafting his new plan, though, he chose to ignore the fact that his men and equipment were ragged from slogging through the Boston Mountains and that his

army carried just enough ammunition for one battle, not two. His suffering infantrymen were roused after midnight on December 7 and redirected to meet the new threat, with Marmaduke’s cavalry trotting ahead. A small force remained to keep Blunt occupied.

First blood went to Hindman soon after dawn, when Marmaduke’s troopers, having covered about eight miles, surprised several Union cavalry regiments on the Fayetteville Road just south of Prairie Grove Church and scattered them, killing, wounding, or capturing more than 300. A third Federal mounted regiment was engulfed in a panicked retreat that lasted until it reached Herron’s main column five miles up the road, ending only after the Union officer in charge shot “one cowardly whelp off his horse.” Herron quickly forced Marmaduke to backtrack. It was a little after 9 a.m. when the retreating troops found their infantry support forming along an east-west Arkansas ridge some two miles long on forested tableland called Prairie Grove.

The Confederates held the high ground and generally faced north. Herron’s column approached from the northeast via the Fayetteville Road, which crossed the rain-swollen Illinois River within cannon shot of the plateau. Prairie Grove itself was covered by a thicketed hardwood forest that concealed most of Hindman’s strength, though it also caused him to put his cannons out front for a clear field of fire.

Up to this point Hindman had followed a bold course, but he began to have second thoughts. Instead

of striking with all available force, he let his smallest division settle in along Prairie Grove Ridge and kept his largest well to the rear in case Blunt showed up. Perhaps it was the sight of his many stragglers, “overcome with fatigue” and sprawled along the roadside that gave him pause and made him surrender the initiative.

Herron saw the Rebel cavalry falling back to the timbered heights and believed he was facing a small delaying force. Worried that Blunt was struggling for his life not 10 miles away, Herron was determined to break through the enemy line. Perhaps he should have reconsidered when his initial effort at 10 a.m. to put a battery across the Fayetteville Road river crossing was blasted back by more numerous Confederate cannoners. Herron was forced to use a ford farther north to safely cross his guns and some infantry support. It was a little before 2 p.m. when his gunners took on the Rebel batteries in what proved to be an unequal contest. The Confederates were constrained by their limited stock of munitions and the fact that nearly every tube was a smoothbore, less accurate than the Yankee rifled cannons.

If the Yankees came far enough south, they would be dangerously isolated from their reinforcements

Herron mounted his first infantry attack not long after 2:30 p.m., sending two regiments forward to capture the visible Rebel batteries. Some 790 members of the 20th Wisconsin and 19th Iowa advanced. The Southern artillerymen had positioned their guns a short distance back from the crest, creating a blind spot in front. Taking advantage of this, the Yankees sprinted up the slope, overran a battery posted near a farmhouse, and plunged into the thickets. The Wisconsin boys then encountered an Arkansas infantry brigade and were staggered, as were the Iowans when they came up to help. A Federal in that maelstrom remembered it as “a perfect slaughter pen.” After 10 or 15 minutes, half the Yankees had been killed or wounded, and the stunned survivors of the two regiments were in retreat.

More by impulse than intention, a couple of regiments, then most of the Arkansas brigade, flooded down the hill in a spontaneous counterattack. Their action was characteristic of Confederate problems with command and control that day. Hindman remained mostly hands off, leaving it to his division, brigade, and regimental commanders to prosecute the combat, often without reference to any larger scheme. The unsupported Arkansans were quickly targeted by Herron’s cannons, which mashed their impromptu foray. It also alerted Herron to the fact that this was no small rear-guard. Before he could fully digest that information, he watched the 26th Indiana and 37th Illinois push up the same hillside on orders 30 minutes old.

Their fate was no different from that of the first pair of regiments. When the Illinoisans reached an orchard where Confederates were waiting on two sides, the shot “came in one continuous stream of fire, not unlike a severe hail storm,” a Union officer recollected. Without waiting for orders from below, the Illinois commander, Lieutenant Colonel John Charles Black, ordered everybody back, saving many of his men’s lives. (Black’s heroism throughout the day brought him Prairie Grove’s only Medal of Honor.)

Completing the day’s deadly pattern, the retreating Federals were followed by Rebels advancing without orders or support, who were again savaged by Union artillery and infantry. Still, in his effort to overrun what he first thought was a minor Rebel roadblock, Herron had exhausted four of his six available regiments (all at reduced strength because of the straggling) and now was clearly outnumbered. He needed a miracle—or Blunt’s division.

James Blunt was a man in motion early on December 7 as he prepared his troops around Cane Hill for the anticipated Rebel attack. He remained convinced that the enemy was present in

considerable force, yet when Union skirmishers pressed the Confederates, it “seemed that they did not want to fight but was hard up for amusement,” a Kansas soldier remarked. Further clouding the issue, scouts reported that the Fayetteville Road was blocked by Rebel cavalry. Then, around 10 in the morning cannon fire toward Fayetteville alerted Blunt that Hindman was actually fighting Herron.

Blunt fashioned a new plan to engage the Rebel army by pushing northeast along the Fayetteville Road. Some 400 Union cavalrymen plus a battery took the point and soon made contact. The Confederates covering the rear of Hindman’s army responded with strength and the advance party withdrew, expecting to meet Yankee infantry but instead finding an open road. In the scramble, marching orders were

either garbled or misunderstood, so when the head of the main Union column mistakenly turned off the Fayetteville Road and went northwest toward Rhea’s Mill (the army’s supply depot), the men marching behind dutifully followed. By the time Blunt realized what was happening, most of his army seemed to be heading away from the fighting.

When Blunt reached Rhea’s Mill, he learned of a road from there that would take him over to the Fayetteville Road more directly than would back-tracking. It also neatly bypassed Hindman’s rear guard, waiting on the Fayetteville Road, and had the added advantage of

leading Blunt directly to his beleaguered subordinate.

Yet that initially seemed like a moot point, for when the column reached Rhea’s Mill around one in the afternoon, the soldier grapevine carried word of Herron’s defeat and retreat. Blunt resisted the impulse to rush forward and instead dispatched scouts to provide him intelligence. After about an hour he had the information he needed, and his columns were marching at the double-quick, their course marked by a ragged line of discarded blankets and overcoats and footsore stragglers. The terrain was relatively open, so on their own initiative several of his regimental commanders took their men cross-lots to ease congestion on the single-track lane.

Blunt got to the battlefield about 3:15, arriving from the northwest. Within a few minutes he contacted Herron and began forming his Kansans to connect with the Missourians. Hindman had been puzzling over reports that Blunt was heading away from the fighting. Now his questions were answered. The troops he’d kept back to watch the rear were now brought up, spreading the Confederate line westward. Two Rebel brigades advanced into the valley, targeting Blunt’s left flank in the only *planned* Rebel

By the time Blunt realized
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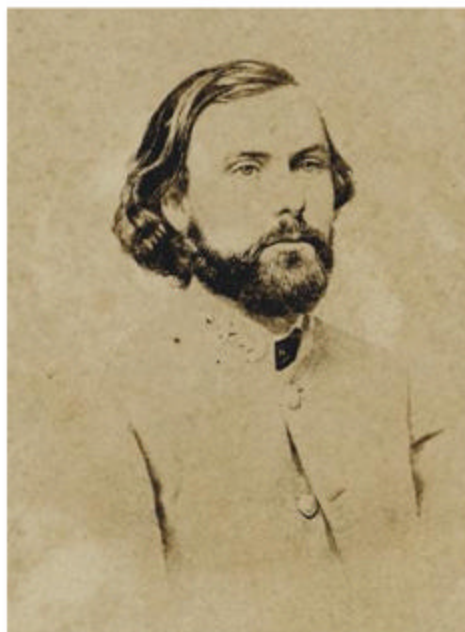
offensive of the battle. They collided in a spoiling attack.

"The rattling of musketry... was terrific," Blunt reported. "The contending armies swayed to and fro, each alternately advancing and retiring." At one point Federal officers screamed at their men to lie flat. Hardly had they done so when the line of cannons posted in their rear opened fire with shrapnel shells fused so short that the cannon blast and explosion were almost indistinguishable. The fighting was especially intense around one farmhouse, as the Yankees were slowly but inexorably shoved backward by superior numbers.

With Blunt's command disorganized and vulnerable and Herron's little more than exhausted bystanders, the combat reached a tipping point. Still without any central controlling mind (Hindman remained in the rear), Confederate brigadier Mosby M. Parsons was the only officer to see the opportunity and attack. His Missourians, determined to continue the advance and eventually regain their homeland, pressed forward in the face of canister, shrapnel, and musketry until flesh and blood could take no more. Since most of the other Confederates along Prairie Grove Ridge didn't even know what was happening, the attack that could have finished Blunt's Union force instead disintegrated.

By the time the combat ended, with positions unchanged, it was, recorded a soldier, "so dark that the fire could be seen streaming from the guns at every discharge." Federal cannons shot incendiary rounds into distant haystacks to illuminate the field. Unknown to them, numbers of wounded had burrowed into them for succor, only to be incinerated. The cold night brought another horror—packs of wild hogs, ravenous and determined.

Both commanders took stock. Blunt's stragglers were refilling his ranks and there was sufficient ammunition for another day's fight. Hindman's stragglers (many unwilling conscripts) were streaming south and his ammunition was virtually gone.



Face-off at Prairie Grove: Confederate command rested with Major General Thomas Hindman Jr., (top left), supported by the cavalry of Brigadier General John Marmaduke (bottom left). Brigadier Generals James G. Blunt (top right) and Francis Herron (bottom right) led the Union fight.

Just hours after the fighting ended, the Rebel columns began tramping toward Fort Smith, surprising many in the ranks who felt they had been winning. Hindman covered his withdrawal the next day by convincing Blunt to accept a six-hour truce for both sides to tend the wounded. Blunt later condemned the ruse, but at the time he was probably happy to see the enemy depart, leaving him in possession of the battlefield, a traditional measure of victory. Confederate losses were 204 killed, 872 wounded, 407 missing, most of the last deserters. The Federals counted 175 dead, 813 wounded, and 263 missing. By battle's



Adding to the misery of the long day's battle, wounded men who had found some haven and warmth in haystacks had their makeshift shelters set afire by Union cannoneers meaning to illuminate the battlefield rather than incinerate the enemy.

and some 8,000 Unionists had engaged 11,500 Confederates.

As to the main players, James Blunt remained Kansas-based and active during the war, dying in 1881 in a Washington, D.C., asylum, some said from syphilis; Francis Herron fought in the Vicksburg campaign, then from behind a desk in Louisiana and Texas, ending his days in New York in 1902; Thomas Hindman was transferred east in 1863 to fight at Chickamauga and against Sherman in 1864. After the war he tried Mexican exile before returning to Arkansas, where reconstruction politics had become as deadly as combat. He was sitting quietly in his parlor one night in late September 1868, when a shotgun blast through a window ended his life. Some said it was pro-Republican nightriders, others looked back to the enemies his harsh policies had made in 1862.

A last chance for the Arkansas-Missouri Confederates to reestablish control over the Mississippi River fizzled at Prairie

Grove. Had Hindman succeeded in reaching the west bank, the course of the 1863 campaigns would have dramatically altered. Instead, the primary Rebel force tasked with holding those states was chewed up. Hindman's patched-together force would operate in the Trans-Mississippi throughout the war, and fighting on this front would continue. But it would be limited to raiding parties. The Confederate flag would continue to fly over parts of Arkansas, but Federal control of the Mississippi River's west bank in that area remained secure, giving Ulysses Grant the freedom to operate along both sides against Vicksburg—which surrendered on July 4, 1863.

MHQ

NOAH ANDRE TRUDEAU, a producer and writer, is currently working on a book about Abraham Lincoln's visit to the war front in March–April 1865 and developing a multimedia work about Lincoln's life.

Culture of War

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■ MUSEUM WATCH

Ancient Luxury

An exhibit of Roman silver treasure from a trove found in Berthouville, France, in 1830 includes scenes of battles and commanders. On display through August 17, Getty Villa, Los Angeles

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Making Art of Atrocity

In the wake of World War I, American artist George Bellows "had to draw them"—the works in his War Series

by Peter Harrington

The swift advance of German armies through Belgium and northern France in the opening weeks of the First World War brought with it rumors of alleged atrocities committed by German troops on the civilian populations in those areas. In 1915 the British government released the Bryce Report, a damning account of alleged German outrages. While the report described a variety of incidents, few if any witnesses to them were named, and questions arose as to the authenticity of many of the events. Despite that, the Bryce Report inflamed

passions in Britain and France and provided a further rallying cry to defeat the hated Hun. Though most artists and illustrators shied away from the subject of the German atrocities, feeling them too gruesome to depict, one French artist, Pierre-Georges Jeannot, created a series of 10 etchings in 1915 that showed ravaged women hanging from trees, rape scenes, massacres, maiming, executions, and other violations. French authorities banned the series as too shocking and panic inducing to be shown.

While the invasion of Belgium and France had been duly noted in the American press in late 1914, most Americans viewed the conflict in general as a European problem. It would be three more years before the United States entered the war, and even then many of its citizens opposed it, including artist George Bellows, a proponent of New York's Ashcan school who had become famous for his gritty paintings of boxers in the ring, New York tenements, and other urban landscapes. Bellows soon changed his views on the war, however, and volunteered for the tank corps in 1917. Though he never saw active duty in Europe, he did devote over eight months in 1918 to his War Series—20 lithographs,



George Bellows in the early 1920s, not long before his death in 1925 at age 42.



In *Village Massacre* Bellows captures the outrage and grief experienced by survivors in Dinant after Germans mowed down 612 of their fellow citizens in August 1914.



LEFT: NICKOLAS MURAY/GRANGER, NEW YORK; RIGHT: GREENVILLE COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF MINOR M. SHAW, BUCK A. MICKEL, AND CHARLES C. MICKEL; AND THE ARTHUR AND HOLLY MAGILL FUND



Valiant to the end, British nurse Edith Cavell begins her walk toward execution by German firing squad in this Bellows depiction. Working with the wounded on both sides in German-occupied Belgium, she also helped Allied soldiers escape to the Netherlands.

more than 30 related drawings, and five oil paintings depicting the alleged 1914 German atrocities in Belgium.

The lithographs fall into three distinct groups, the first showing the fighting

background, descends the staircase from her prison cell on her way to execution in Brussels in 1915 for helping Allied soldiers escape to neutral Netherlands. When a contemporary of Bellows criticized him

Most of the brutalities were rumored but not thoroughly substantiated

and treatment of casualties, the second the capture and treatment of prisoners, and the third brutalities against civilians. One of the most compelling works in the second group is *The Murder of Edith Cavell*. In it the heroic British nurse, dressed in white against an ominous dark

for creating a scene he had not witnessed, Bellows responded that Leonardo da Vinci did not have “a ticket to the Last Supper.” Another lithograph in the series, *Gott Strafe England (May God Punish England)*, portrays what seems to be the crucifixion of three Allied soldiers. Though

the subject was based on questionable sources, many chose to believe the Germans were capable of such violence.

Among the images focused on alleged inhumane treatment of innocent civilians, *The Barricade*, one of the five paintings, depicts soldiers with fixed bayonets cowering behind figures stripped naked, while another of the paintings, *The Germans Arrive*, shows a soldier strangling a young man who has had both hands cut off, as other soldiers watch; in the background women are being attacked near a burning cottage. *The Bacchanale* contains a graphic representation of two soldiers holding their rifles aloft, the limp bodies of infants impaled on their bayonets. (Rumors of Germans bayoneting babies were rife in the opening



Vicious and virtually faceless "Huns" force villagers, naked and helpless, to act as human shields in *The Barricade*. Throughout his War Series, Bellows portrayed the Germans as ghoulishly engaged in atrocities that may—or may not—have actually happened.

months of the fighting and were used to great effect in Allied propaganda.) Other works from the series include *Belgian Farmyard*, in which a dead woman lies on the ground as a soldier replaces his tunic, having just raped her, and *The Cigarette*, portraying a dead woman with her left hand nailed to a door and her left breast cut off.

Most of the brutalities were rumored but not thoroughly substantiated. Not so Bellows's *Village Massacre* (previous pages). It is based on the actual events of August 23, 1914, when hundreds of inhabitants were executed in the town of Dinant, a strategic crossing point on the River Meuse. Under constant fire from French troops across the

river from Dinant, the Germans nonetheless believed that civilians in the town were partly responsible for the attacks and by day's end, they had killed 612 inhabitants, many by firing squad. In Bellows's painting (also done as a lithograph), men, women, children, and nuns stand weeping and cursing above massacred bodies; the rifles of the German soldiers are barely visible off to the left, and an officer's sword has just dropped in the command to fire. Bellows's composition was clearly derived from plate 26 of Goya's *Disasters of War*, which shows a similar line of weapons held by unseen perpetrators firing on civilians.

It is not clear why Bellows chose to do the series on the atrocities in Belgium four years after the fact. Even his dealer

in New York was surprised at the brutality portrayed, but Bellows said only, "I had to draw them." In a preface to an exhibition of some of the lithographs in November 1918, Bellows wrote, "In presenting these pictures of the tragedies of war, I wish to disclaim any intention of attacking a race or a people. Guilt is personal, not racial. Against that guilty clique and all its tools, who let loose upon innocence every diabolical device and insane instinct, my hatred goes forth, together with my profound reverence for the victims." **MHQ**

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Retreat From Hsuchow, May 1938

by Jack Belden

'There is always still time to die.' —*Carl von Clausewitz*

Jack Belden, now forgotten, was once famous during and after World War II as a war correspondent, whose vivid firsthand reporting from China, Burma, India, North Africa, Sicily, and Italy graced the dispatches from United Press and then the pages of Time and Life. He evolved into a reporter over a 10-year stint as a romantic young wanderer, a globe-circling able seaman, bartender, beggar, gambler, teacher. Born in Brooklyn, educated at Colgate University, he was too restless to stay home. He went to sea, jumped ship in China at age 23, learned the language, and started to write, in English and Chinese. He was curious, observant, resourceful, and well-nigh fearless. And he was there, on the ground, when the Japanese attacked China in 1937. This excerpt, from his book Still Time to Die, is a dispatch from the early chaotic days of the Sino-Japanese War.

The retreat from Hsuchow [now Xuzhou] is one of the strangest operations in military history. The movements of the Chinese and Japanese armies, like the movements of the French and Russian Armies described by Tolstoy during the retreat from Moscow, are like nothing so much as a “game of blind-man’s-buff, in which two men are blindfolded, and one has a bell to ring, so as to let the other know where he may catch him. At first, he rings it boldly without much fear of his adversary, but as the game gets closer, he tries to steal away noiselessly and generally, when trying to avoid the enemy, blunders into his arms.” In the same way, when the Chinese started their retreat, the Japanese knew where to find them; but somewhere along the way they lost track of the adversary and without suspecting his presence came into collision with him now and again. But the strange part of these movements was that while the Chinese Army was flying, the Japanese was not pursuing, though the very object of its movements was to catch the Chinese. This comes from the peculiar situation that the Japanese were moving to the north while the Chinese were moving to the west directly across their path. Instead of facing each other as two armies do when drawn up in battle array, or facing in the same direction as when one army is fleeing and the other pursuing, these two armies were crossed over each other in most unorthodox fashion. The Japanese moving north from the Hwai River toward the Lunghai Railway were spread out





PETER FLEMING NI SYNDICATION/NEWS.COM

In early 1938 the Japanese army attacked Hsuehchow, a rail junction city in east China. Nearly destroyed by daily bombing, the city fell in May, when, to save itself, the Chinese army retreated from Hsuehchow.

in a great ribbon while the Chinese coming from the east were cutting directly across their lines. Thus the Chinese movement from a mechanical point of view had all the earmarks of a great attack on the Japanese flank. Its character, however, remained that of a retreat, and its entire mood was one of escape.

On leaving Hsuehchow and abandoning the Hanchuang-Taierchwang-Grand Canal line, the Chinese had only one general route: it was south and then west across the Tientsin-Nanking Railway and forward to find the holes in the Japanese blockades. The Japanese knew this: their chief method of finding out the whereabouts of the enemy—reconnaissance planes—was utilized with increasing frequency on the 16th and 17th of May. Though a drizzling rain fell continuously on the latter date, the Japanese planes flew overhead in an endless queue. Precipitous and secret as the Chinese flight might be, the Japanese could not fail to detect it.

The Chinese tried, therefore, to conceal their plans; they could not mask them with distracting maneuvers for they had not the time to indulge in such persiflage when they were needed urgently on the far side of the Japanese blockade line. Above all, the Chinese tried to hide their actual movements from the enemy. They wished to get in position to launch their attack with suddenness. Once the details of their plan were discovered to the Japanese, they would be doomed. Instead of holding their thin line spread like a net over the whole countryside, the Japanese could then concentrate on the Chinese rear, sever the retreating columns into sections or mass their planes on the exposed troops while they were in vulnerable marching order on the road.

The Chinese casualties had been so heavy that their main force perhaps consisted of 100,000 men. They were divided into three groups. General Sun Lien-chung had the northern column, General Tang En-po the central and General Liao Lei the southern column.

Feeling how important it was to get a start on the vigilant foe, these forces were ordered to hold themselves ready to march at a moment's notice. At midnight on the 17th of May, General Tang En-po called his tired Thirty-second Army

down off the banks of the Grand Canal and put it into motion on a southwest route toward Fulichi on the Tientsin-Nanking Railway. It was arranged that the sick and badly wounded should occupy the center, transported on litters on the backs of donkeys, while the lightly wounded tramped along with the rest as best they could. The cavalry went ahead as a screen and the artillery brought up the rear. Seeing in the very size of this army the germs of its own destruction, the staff took elaborate precautions to prevent the numerous elements from losing their way in the unfathomable darkness and unfamiliar countryside. Nevertheless, there was great anxiety lest the force degenerate into a disorganized mob and rush off in disorder.

The distance to be covered was 100 li [one li is about 500 meters]. The army had to get off the roads before daybreak. But the nights were short—dark at seven in the evening and light at four in the morning. Still there was nothing to be done but to go ahead.

To give General Li Tsung-jen [commander in chief of the Chinese forces at Hsuechow] the huge start which he needed to conceal the exact direction of his flight and to prevent the massing of the enemy on his lines of retreat, these thousands of fleeing men had to march 33 miles, get off the roads and hide themselves from the enemy between the hours of midnight and daylight at four in the morning—it was obviously impossible. But capricious fortune made the impossible possible. Still on the march at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of May when the Japanese air armada took off to locate the absconding quarry, the position of the Thirty-second Army of Tang En-po appeared hopeless. But, suddenly, a thick, heavy fog poured out of the earth and drowned the retreating army in a bath of snowy mist. The effervescing waves of clouds burst over the army and wiped it completely from sight. It was alchemy; it was magic; it was fantastic; it was salvation. Along the bottom of this foggy sea, the army of Tang En-po marched, concealed. At 10 o'clock the troops halted. Then the mist stole away and it was light and there were planes in the air. But it was too late; the troops were hidden—in the wheat forests, in the hamlets and the hovels. Laughing. Safe.

But by 12 o'clock the planes were out in unprecedented numbers, angrily scouting the land for the vanished foe. Evidently acting under orders, the hunting planes worked over large areas near the railway, flying extremely low, examining and questioning the countryside until it seemed as if it must yield up its secrets. But again fate intervened. Shortly after noon, a tremendous sand storm broke loose, hiding everything under an impenetrable silica haze. So violent was the storm that the planes no longer dared fly low. Thus all day the troops hid, the soldiers rested well in the fields. These two acts of nature were the salvation of the army; thanks to the weather conditions on the 18th of May the Japanese intelligence failed to learn of the concentration of the Chinese forces north of Fulichi on the Tientsin-Nanking Railway. The three main groups were thus able to draw together and lay plans for their next step—the

crossing of the railway. The army had little faith in fate, but such unexpected favors served to heighten the soldiers' courage and lighten the gloom that inevitably hangs over any retreat.

The little cloth shoes of the soldiers danced silently over the plains, kicking up twistings of brown dust, and they streamed across the tracks and held on their way unmolested during the night. But on the second day when they reached the hills west of the Tientsin-Nanking Railway, they beheld parties of Japanese moving in the distance along the heights while the boom of artillery and the plop-plop-plop of machine gun fire echoed roundly off the hilly walls. Down into the valley, caged in on four sides by mountains, the army went, discovering along the way the extent of its hunger. Their stomachs, which only the day before had been full enough of the food of the peasants in the comparatively undisturbed areas east of the railway (rice, sesamum cakes, stolen chickens, congee and thin soup), were now empty, their exercise-sated bodies, which had been chilled during the infrequent halts at night, gasped in the heat of the day, and their cheeks, alive with sweat, now fed the rushing stream of salt dew which poured forth from their glazed eyes into their parched lips, dry with a hunger that drove many of them to rip the kaoliang stalks from the fields and stuff their mouths with grain seeds. When they discovered stagnant fresh-water pools, they drank, choked with nausea.

In the highlands, soldiers weak with dysentery and relapsing fever fainted and dropped in the green grass of a small valley, and a single Japanese plane flying overhead without apparent mission saw them and unloosed a salvo of hand grenades and dipped low as it dared, sweeping the ground with machine gun fire.

As the army was climbing the hilly steeps which shut in the valley, scouts came back with the intelligence that the enemy was encamped on the other side, apparently waiting their approach. This intelligence was soon confirmed by their own eyes and ears as they topped the hill and heard on all sides of them shells roaring from the guns emplaced on the heights to the southwest and whistling overhead with the speed of an express train, bursting open on the peaks of the Yellow Mountains and covering the hillsides with unfolding flowers and blossomings of white smoke.

When the Chinese discovered that the whirlwind advance of the Japanese had left great gaps in their rear, they, for once, acted immediately on their information. Li split the Seventh, Thirty-first, Forty-eighth, Seventy-first, and Fourth Army Corps into three routes and, in order to protect the flank of his main force as it crossed over the rivers, dispatched two divisions to retake several strong points on the highway between Mengcheng and Yungcheng. In three hours the highway was cleared and the Japanese infantry, taken by surprise, drew back into Mengcheng. The Japanese



After the fall of Hsuehchow, the Japanese army pursued and sought to encircle the retreating crippled Chinese army, capturing and destroying village after village.

transport, not informed of the retreat, came on and ran into an ambush. Carloads of clothes, rifles, documents and flags, almost all of which they later abandoned on the retreat, fell into the hands of the advance guard. And the soldiers, going through the pockets of the dead enemy and finding fountain pens, handkerchiefs, toothbrushes and toothpaste—all things which they never owned before but only wistfully hoped for—helped themselves. When it was done, the commander sat down and said to his cohorts: “We have completed our duty and cut the enemy in half. Now we only have to hang on until we are dead.” Then he gave an order to the people not to cut the wheat, for the army behind him could use it to hide from the planes. Then he camped on the enemy’s line of communication and

telephoned Li Tsung-jen to go ahead.

Early in the morning Li Tsung-jen, with four divisions of foot soldiers and a regiment of anti-tank guns, came out on the north shore of the river and stood watching the progress of his army pouring in a choked stream across the rude, narrow bridge of doors, wood planks, stones and mortar which his engineers had hastily thrown together. Flowing back from the river was nothing to be seen but an endless line of vehicles and an enormous body of troops with their baggage and horses and a strange crew of newspapermen, boy and girl actresses, officials and whatnot stretching away until it was out of sight: this was the Kwangsi contingent which was breaking through the center while the flanks held off the foe. When this army saw the narrow green ribbons of water, they immediately set up a market of noise.

“That’s the Fei River,” said a soldier.

“Don’t look very broad.”

“And not so deep either,” said a third.

“How rotten we haven’t yet crossed! It’s getting light,” said a young staff officer who, having become estranged from his own units during the night march, had joined up quite accidentally and nonchalantly with Li’s main force.

While this motley crew buzzed about the homemade structure, waiting their turn to cross it, eight li up-river by two well-built bridges, the Japanese, with a complement of tanks and armored cars, were camped, waiting for the Chinese to put in an appearance. And 15 li beyond this lurked another Japanese unit silently awaiting the approach of a quarry which, all unknown to them, was at this very moment a few miles down-river, stealing away.

But the theft of the river ford did not make the Chinese happy. They were nervous about it. Outside the camp in a wide semicircle they

stationed soldiers on outposts, peering through the binoculars of their officers into the surrounding countryside for any possible enemy. Inside the circle, not far from the crossing which was a mass of angry, peevish and growling soldiery, two high officers, seated in a grove of trees upon a pile of rice stalks, were diligently scanning a map, which had been laid out before them by an orderly and carefully weighted down with stones. Nearby stood a regiment commander with an air of respectful attention, taking in all that was said and every now and then lifting his head in some peculiar manner as if he were listening for something. Suddenly, he nodded, as if he were confirming some secret thought. In a moment two planes appeared.

MHQ

Empire Builder—and Micromanager

Imprudent King

A New Life of Philip II

By Geoffrey Parker. 438 pages. Yale, 2014. \$40.

REVIEWED BY PAUL LOCKHART

“The history of Philip the Second,” historian William Hickling Prescott once wrote, “is the history of Europe during the latter half of the sixteenth century.” Prescott didn’t exaggerate. In the tumultuous decades that followed the Protestant Reformation, an era populated by giants like Elizabeth I and William the Silent, Philip II of Spain towered above the rest. He ruled Europe’s first superpower and first world empire, juggling military and diplomatic commitments around the globe. The major events of the 16th century seem to revolve around Habsburg Spain and its enigmatic sovereign, whose reign represented both the zenith of Spanish power and the beginnings of Spain’s precipitous decline.

To a larger public, Philip II remains a dark figure, an intriguer, an intolerant scourge of heretics, but scholars of Spanish history—among them, and most successfully, Geoffrey Parker—have discerned in Philip a more complex and sympathetic character. Parker’s *Imprudent King* follows in this tradition. Philip II has always been at the center of Parker’s remarkably broad and diverse body of scholarship, which includes a brief biography of Philip (1978) and a detailed study of Philip’s diplomacy and war making, *The Grand Strategy of Philip II* (1998). His new biography builds upon these earlier works, but it also incorporates much new research—first and foremost the discovery of several thousand untouched manuscripts from Philip’s regime, found just recently in a private collection in New York.

This is no mere updating of Parker’s previous work on Philip, though. It is the consummate biography of the king, the mature reflection of a master historian at the height of his craft writing about the subject he knows best. Parker deftly interweaves the details of Philip’s character and personal life with a compelling analysis of the king as a decision maker. The Philip who emerges from *Imprudent King* may not always be worthy of admiration, but he is sympathetic. Parker readily admits that Philip II was a deeply flawed ruler, and that the great failures of his reign—the 1588 armada debacle, the near collapse of Spanish authority in the Low Countries, the fiscal insolvency of the crown—owed much to the king’s shortcomings. Philip, as a product of his age, viewed the world around him through



the prism of religion, so his personal piety often dictated his chosen course in affairs of state. His unrelenting hostility to Elizabeth Tudor, his steadfast refusal to contemplate anything resembling compromise with his heterodox Dutch subjects, his dalliance with the Catholic and anti-royal faction in the French Wars of Religion—all these policy choices were driven by Philip’s need to put the interests of Catholicism ahead of those of Spain, and all committed him and his kingdom to

endless and unnecessary wars. But Philip's most destructive personality trait was his tendency to obsess over the most trivial details of every matter that came across his desk. As a result, the king was all but crushed by the sheer weight of paperwork that confronted him each day. Could Philip have done any better? Could he have triumphed over the Dutch rebels and the English heretics, maintained his overseas empire, and averted fiscal disaster? Possibly. Parker demonstrates that a slightly different decision in any one of a number of problem areas might have completely transformed the character of the reign,

and likely for the better. Even so, it was not merely that the man didn't match the task. Perhaps the most important lesson to be derived from *Imprudent King* touches on the transience of power. Spain possessed almost unimaginable wealth and power, but with its far-flung possessions and its infinite obligations, it was too large and unwieldy to be governed effectively with the tools available to any 16th-century ruler.

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The Deluge

The Great War, America, and the Remaking of the Global Order, 1918–1931

By Adam Tooze. 672 pages.
Viking, 2014. \$40.

REVIEWED BY DENNIS SHOWALTER

Adam Tooze built his European reputation specializing in the economic history of the Third Reich, and he makes a brilliant transition to Yale University and the American side of the Atlantic with his seminal analysis of the new power relationships that emerged from World War I. His fundamental contention is that the United States entered the conflict not to make the world safe for some combination of democracy and free trade but in pursuit of a capitalist world order based on moral authority, military power, and economic supremacy. In particular President Woodrow Wilson believed this combination would enable the rule of law to replace the great-power ideologies of autocracy and militarism that had brought the world to the edge of collapse. Wilson proposed to develop a new approach to government, moving beyond politics to focus instead on economic and social concerns.

Wilson's vision might have been improbable, but his approach was grimly realistic. The pre-1914 world order had been irrevocably shattered. The only

credible alternatives were insurgency, typified by fascism and bolshevism, and a hyperpower fulfilling America's self-defined Manifest Destiny on a global scale through the League of Nations. Wilson's plan, however, was stymied by the refusal of Congress to ratify the peace treaty and by America's rejection of the league. Tooze describes these as manifestations of immaturity, of the United States' reluctance to accept its responsibilities as a hyperpower *avant la lettre*, clinging instead to a constitutional interpretation that deprived the federal government of the economic and political power needed to implement

Wilson's vision. The result in the 1920s was a pattern of indirect participation in international affairs that evoked no more than minimum compliance from governments that were themselves grappling with such immediate problems as war debts and reparations and such long-term issues as global geopolitics and imperial reconfiguration.

The incompletely democratic, multi-sided search for order that emerged was not necessarily doomed from the start. But it lacked the coherence and flexibility to cope effectively with unpredictably paid reparations; with Germany's post-war traumatization; with burgeoning



American energy and patriotism were on display in April 1917. These parading Boy Scouts broke into a run when the United States entered Europe's Great War—with high hopes.

national aspirations in Africa and Asia; and with a Great Deflation after 1920 that broke the back of a metastasizing labor movement. Vulnerability, in short, was mutual and comprehensive.

The Great Depression of 1929 and its resulting Great Default on debts to the United States correspondingly opened windows of opportunity. Japan, Italy, Germany, and above all the Soviet Union, expanded their political and economic influence by force and its threat. But the challengers to the post-1918 democratic powers encountered a surprise. Their French and British opponents and the still ambivalent United States shrank from another war, less from fear of failure than from fear of cost. Comparatively economically strong and politically re-

silient, they imposed standards of production and performance that proved impossible for the Axis to sustain during World War II—and in the long run exceeded even Soviet capacities. The details make a fitting subject for what one hopes will be a second volume. And as a final irony, Europe since World War II has moved ever closer to Woodrow Wilson's original model of emphasizing domestic welfare at the expense of international politics.

DENNIS SHOWALTER is professor of history at Colorado College. His recent books include *Armor and Blood: The Battle of Kursk* (2013), *Hitler's Panzers* (2009), and *Patton and Rommel: Men of War in the Twentieth Century* (2005).

Spies, Patriots, and Traitors

American Intelligence in the Revolutionary War

By Kenneth A. Daigler. 317 pages. Georgetown, 2014. \$29.95

REVIEWED BY THOMAS B. ALLEN

Veteran of more than 30 years in the CIA, Kenneth A. Daigler writes like a case officer reporting from a time machine that took him back to the American Revolution. There he finds Nathan Hale, America's first martyred spy, whose statue stands outside CIA headquarters today. After noting that Hale was a Yale graduate, like many of the agency's early operatives, Daigler analyzes what happened after General



Undone by poor planning, the eloquent but hapless amateur Nathan Hale was an early casualty of the Revolutionary War's initial spy operations.

George Washington sent Hale out to spy on the British. “In a professionally planned mission,” Daigler writes, “all aspects of Hale’s cover plan, collection requirements, methods of recording his information, and detailed escape plan would have been thoroughly reviewed with him.” None of this CIA-style preparation occurred, and so Hale was captured and hanged because he had been doomed by “a botched mission.”

Most Americans see the revolution as a war for independence, but Daigler, who was a senior case officer in the CIA’s Clandestine Service, uses the lexicon of a modern intelligence officer to describe the revolution as “an insurgency against an established government by a force that, at best, had the active support of only about a third of the population.” *Spies, Patriots, and Traitors* describes the espionage war within that insurgency with a cool detachment. Daigler tells the story without the suspenseful narratives usually found in nonfiction accounts of espionage. Instead, he is a meticulous researcher, making good use of the relatively scarce documents on Revolutionary War espionage and combining that with his knowledge of modern espionage. He looks at the treachery of Benedict Arnold, for example, from the viewpoint of Arnold’s case officer, Major John André. André was caught and hanged, Daigler believes, because of his “poor judgment” and “lack of basic intelligence professionalism.” In contrast, Daigler hails George Washington as “a talented, innovative, aggressive, and quite competent intelligence manager” in his handling of the Culpeper Ring, his most successful operation. Members of the ring skillfully produced important intelligence gleaned in British-occupied New York and exhibited the “operational security discipline” that ultimately thwarted Benedict Arnold in his pre-defection quest for the identity of American agents he hoped to pass on to the British.

Daigler also includes a glossary of trade-craft terms, such as agent of influence and penetration agent, and provides a

helpful timeline that adds espionage activities to key conventional Revolutionary War events.

THOMAS B. ALLEN’s books include *Declassified: 50 Top-Secret Documents That Changed History*.

America and World War I

A Traveler’s Guide

By Mark D. Van Ells. 432 pages.
Interlink Books, 2014. \$22.

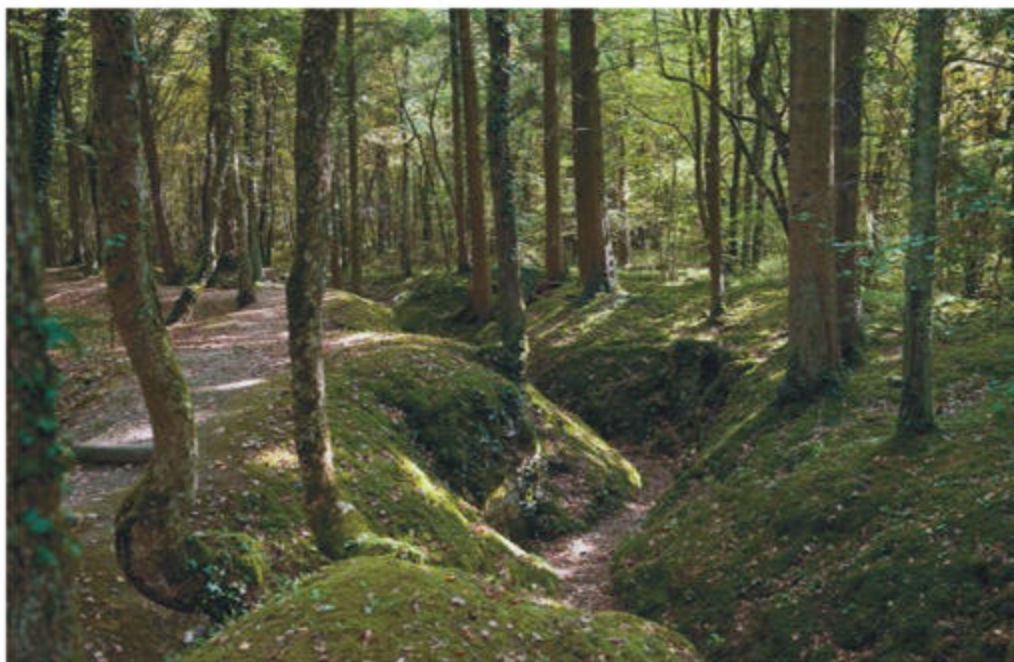
REVIEWED BY EDWARD G. LENGEL

The centennial of the outbreak of World War I in Europe in 1914 has generated an uptick in battlefield tourism to places like the Somme, Verdun, and Ypres. The centennial of American intervention in 1917 may be expected to incite a similar increase in tourists from the United States going to visit places like Belleau Wood and the Meuse-Argonne. The publication of a travel guide to American World War I battlefields is therefore timely. *America and World War I: A Traveler’s Guide* will probably

be only the first of many such works.

The American experience of World War I began in the United States when training camps sprouted up across the country to process, organize, and train thousands of volunteers and draftees. Van Ells, after introductory chapters on the road to war and General John J. Pershing, appropriately devotes a chapter to these camps, along with specialized sites, such as camps for chemical weapons and medical training. GPS coordinates and descriptive narratives are helpfully provided for all the important camps (as they are for major American airfields in France). Van Ells then discusses at length—perhaps excessively—ports of embarkation, the war at sea, and the doughboys’ arrival in Europe before proceeding to battle sites.

The guide covers significant skirmishes, among them Bathelémont and Seicheprey, as well as larger affairs, such as Belleau Wood and Saint Mihiel. Van Ells’s narratives of these events are extensive if not always thorough. Typically, he outlines campaign strategy to provide context and then zeroes in on combat engagements, chronicling their progress



Emblematic of the Western Front stalemate of 1914–1918, trenches like these German defense lines in the Bois d’Ailly in the Saint Mihiel salient continue to draw visitors today.

and outcome before describing how the battlegrounds look today. Van Ells is not always accurate—he mistakenly presents, for example, the German attack on Château-Thierry at the end of May 1918 as part of a thrust toward Paris and mischaracterizes some tactical deployments in Belleau Wood—but on the whole his narrative is reliable. He deserves credit for steering clear of the legends and propaganda that still infect many modern accounts.

Unfortunately, the guide has some significant weaknesses. Van Ells rightfully devotes a chapter to sites where units of the African American 92nd and 93rd Divisions saw combat, but the space given to other chapters, for example, the one on the war behind the lines, would have been better used to cover more important events. Compressing the events of May to August 1918 into a single chapter, he largely neglects the assault of the U.S. 1st and 2nd Divisions south of Soissons on July 18–21, 1918, which was significant in the Second Battle of the Marne. Moreover, Van Ells's summaries of Saint Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne read well but seem ill calibrated for use by travelers. Worst is the paucity of detailed maps essential for any travel guide. The small (some only quarter-page) black-and-white reproductions of maps from *American Armies and Battlefields in Europe* (1937) that constitute the guide's only maps are inadequate. While useful, therefore, this work should not be the final word on battlefield guides to American participation in World War I.

EDWARD G. LENGEL is director of the University of Virginia's Papers of George Washington project. His most recent book is *Thunder and Flames: Americans in the Crucible of Combat, 1917–1918* (March 2015).

Noteworthy Books

Fighting the Great War at Sea Strategy, Tactics and Technology, by Norman Friedman (Naval Institute, \$85). Though a noted

naval historian, Friedman paints an exceptionally comprehensive picture of the geopolitical, social, military, political, and financial considerations—mostly in Britain and somewhat in Germany—that led to the First World War. He also examines in depth how the many new and innovative tools of battle—dreadnoughts, mines, torpedoes, wireless radio, submarines, aircraft, and carriers—radically changed the nature and conduct of maritime warfare. He concludes with the lessons learned from the successes and defeats at sea of the Great War. Despite the book's broad-ranging subject matter, Friedman weaves a compelling text that is at times theoretical and at times deeply experiential. The only weakness in this large-format presentation is the images—generally of specific ships, often taken from a distance or from an angle that obscures their details.

The Iran-Iraq War A Military and Strategic History, by Williamson Murray and Kevin M. Woods (Cambridge, \$85). The combined expertise of military scholar Murray and defense researcher and historian Woods makes this the most authoritative military and strategic analysis of the long Iran-Iraq War (1980–1988) ever undertaken. Relying on Iraqi government records captured in Operation Freedom, Murray and Woods offer a new understanding of the inner workings, and often incompetence, of the Saddam regime and how it led to and affected the conduct of the war. They also consider how Iran under the Grand Ayatollah Khomeini, though militarily outgunned, sometimes outmaneuvered the Iraqis, relying on guile and religious zealotry as much as weaponry. While Saddam and his Ba'athist cohorts hoped to dominate the Arab world through power, Iran was determined to unite the region through Islam.

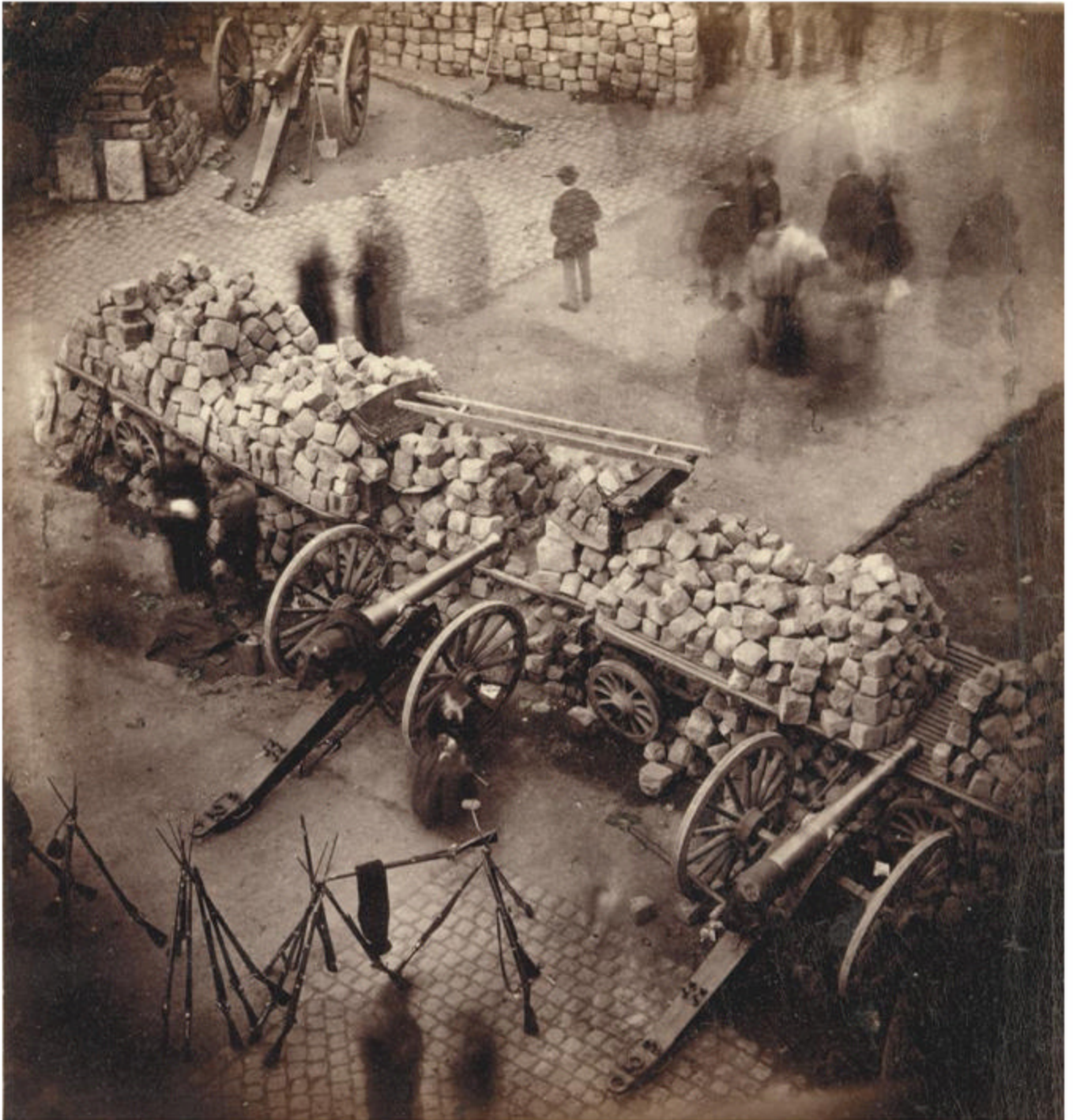
Tanks 100 Years of Evolution, by Richard Ogorkiewicz (Osprey, \$30). From the World War I origins of the tank to the current rush for tanks by Asia's powerhouse nations, Ogorkiewicz, an expert on armored vehicles, traces the development of these groundbreaking weapons over time, wars, and theaters of war. Along with technological aspects and advances, he analyzes how tanks were used by various military strategists, from the German High Command to the Israelis to the United Arab Emirates. A photographic insert offers clear and relatively detailed images of some 30 of the more memorable iterations of the tank.

Secret Warriors The Scientists, Spies, and Code Breakers of World War I, by Taylor Downing (Pegasus Books, \$27.95). The technological, scientific, and psychological advances that upended the Edwardian world and propelled Britain in the new century also framed the Great War. This book considers the innovators in these fields who added to the British war



effort. Geoffrey de Havilland's rise from the son of a clergyman to aviation guru is covered, as are the stories of spymaster William "Blinker" Hall, and Craiglockhart Hospital's legendary psychologist William Rivers, among others. These stories are told quickly and woven into the broader themes of aviation or espionage or psychology, but a full picture emerges of a society where war led—by necessity—to innovation.

Extra Round



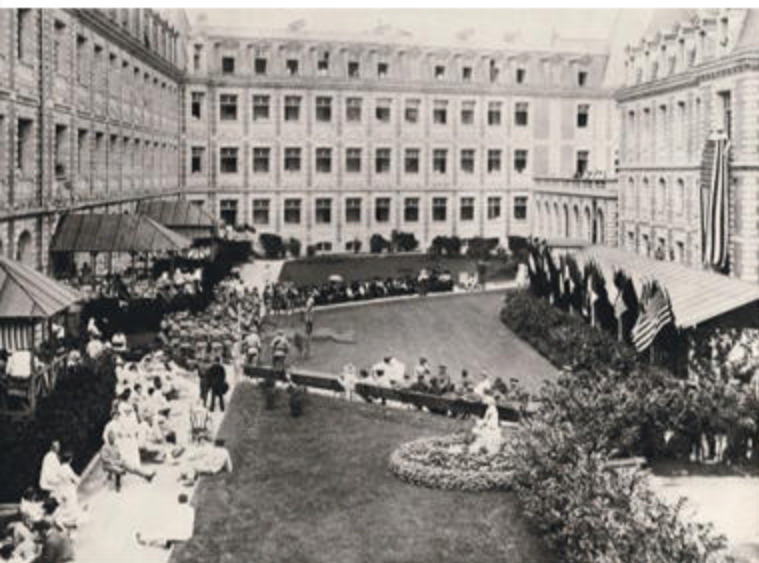
Paris 1871 Barricades block streets after Communards rebel against a pro-royalist government in a short-lived spring revolution following the Franco-Prussian War.

PIERRE-AMBROISE RICHELBOURG/THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART/ART RESOURCE, NEW YORK

Surgey IN THE Front Lines

Starting in World War I, military hospitals moved closer and closer to bullets-flying combat, culminating in the legendary Korean War MASH units

BY THOMAS B. ALLEN



In the Great War surgical teams recruited from American universities operated in grand French edifices like the Lycée Pasteur in the Paris suburb of Neuilly, which became known as the American Ambulance Hospital (above). By World War II, U.S. Army medical teams were transporting "portable surgical hospitals" to the frontline jungles of Burma (right) and India.



LEFT: AMERICAN RED CROSS/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY/CORBIS; RIGHT: SGT. WILLIAM LENTZ/U.S. ARMY/NATIONAL ARCHIVES



Two years before the United States declared war on Germany, in 1915, a few American physicians were already in Europe, caring for the gassed and wounded soldiers streaming into Paris from the trenches of France. The physicians were volunteers in the *Ambulance Américaine* (American Ambulance) Hospital, and many were distinguished surgeons on three-month rotations from the faculties of American medical schools. Among them were Dr. George Washington Crile, who, as a professor of surgery at Western Reserve School of Medicine, had pioneered the use of person-to-person blood transfusions during surgery; and Dr. Harvey Williams Cushing of Harvard Medical School, a world-famous neurosurgeon whose specialty was saving soldiers by opening their skulls and plucking out shrapnel without harming their brains.

Crile and Cushing, convinced that the United States would soon be at war, came home with a bold idea: transform American medical schools and leading civilian hospitals into wartime military hospitals. Major General William C. Gorgas, the army surgeon general, enthusiastically welcomed the idea, and by the time the United States entered the war, it had been implemented. Over several decades and several wars, Crile

and Cushing's original concept mutated into something far different—Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals. In the Korean conflict, these MASH units were close to the front and staffed by civilian doctors who broke the rules—one Army Medical Corps historian described them as “professional doctors but amateur soldiers.” They were later portrayed as irreverent surgeons Hawkeye and Trapper John in the highly popular *M*A*S*H** television series (1972–1983). The show's grimly hilarious scenarios reflected what could happen when cool civilian surgeons were plunged into the cauldron of war.

The long trail from *Ambulance Américaine* to MASH begins with Surgeon General Gorgas, who immediately saw the advantage of injecting civilians into the Army Medical Corps. Gorgas had become famous in 1905 for leading a controversial crusade to wipe out disease-carrying mosquitoes that were debilitating the workers building the Panama Canal. His renown helped him as he led the campus-to-combat idea through the barricades of longstanding army doctrine. Gorgas reached out to physicians and nurses at medical schools and hospitals. Under his plan, the civilians, already accustomed to working together, would form the staffs of what the army called Red Cross hospitals, after the institution that raised the funds to equip them. As Gorgas envisioned the conversion and mobilization, each hospital would be militarized with an army



A canine corpsman is awarded a medal for saving his wounded master, recovering at the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris.

commanding officer and staff, along with a sergeant major and a cadre of enlisted men who would serve as orderlies and perform nonmedical duties. The physicians would be given commissions, but the nurses would serve without rank as Red Cross nurses. It was a deft way to handle, among other things, Red Cross involvement. If war came, the civilians would be given basic training—from saluting to setting up tents—at U.S. bases and then sent overseas as needed.

Universities enthusiastically mustered staffs drawn from the faculties, students, and alumni of their medical schools, while the Red Cross recruited physicians from major civilian hospitals. Each of these staffs would serve in what the army designated as a base or field hospital beyond the sound of guns. By the time the United States declared war on April 6, 1917, there were 33 Red Cross hospital staffs ready for war, including Dr. Crile's Base Hospital No. 4 from Western Reserve and Dr. Cushing's Base Hospital No. 5 from Harvard.

Crile's No. 4, the first U.S. army unit to arrive in France, reached there ahead of General John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces. The Red Cross's swift deployment of its "hospitals" displeased army general staff officers, who had heard little about these civilian-type hospitals and did not know how they would fit in with the AEF. Crile's No. 4 hospital and other early arrivals were sent to British Army hospitals, replacing physicians who had been killed or wounded. Some American physicians, particularly surgeons, went to British casualty stations at the front. No. 4 stayed with the British Expeditionary Force throughout the war, ultimately caring for 82,179 wounded.

The Red Cross base hospitals took over schools, hotels, villas, and government buildings scattered across France. Base Hospital No. 20, from the University of Pennsylvania, for instance, was sent to Châtel-Guyon, a health resort in the Auvergne Mountains of central France. Eventually, No. 20 became a 2,500-bed hospital spread across 33 buildings. More than 9,000 wounded or gassed soldiers were cared for in the hospital and all but 65 survived. Cushing's Base Hospital No. 5 was sent to Camiers, site of a major British Army base. No. 5 was bombed during a German night air raid in September 1917, killing an officer and several enlisted men, believed to be the first AEF men killed by enemy action.

As the AEF grew to nearly two million men, the U.S. Army Medical Corps created a complex network that included hospital trains, horse-drawn wagons, fleets of ambulances, battalion aid stations, and hospitals. Many doctors and enlisted men were rotated between base hospitals and a new type of unit—mobile hospitals that brought surgeons close to the front.

The Medical Corps had entered World War I with doctrines formed in the Civil War, and it was proud of the successful adaptations made in France. Of the 224,089 servicemen wounded in that war, 13,691 died of their wounds. More than a million were treated for nonbattle injuries and diseases,

especially influenza. The 1918 influenza pandemic, which killed an estimated 50 million people or more worldwide, struck down at least 675,000 Americans, including as many as 46,000 servicemen. Despite the disease's devastating effects, American troops in the Great War experienced the lowest mortality rates of any previous war.

In September 1939 the eruption of war in Europe led President Franklin D. Roosevelt to declare a "state of limited emergency," and the army's new surgeon general, Major General James C. Magee, began preparing for war by turning to civilian physicians and nurses. Magee had served with Base Hospital No. 12 in World War I as part of the Northwestern University Medical School team, and now he revived No. 12 and the base hospital idea in general for a new war.

Magee faced problems Gorgas had not known in World War I. Between the wars the army's medical system had been reorganized, reducing the surgeon general's power. And the Red Cross would not be raising funds this time for army hospitals, as it had in the previous war. To complicate matters further, old and new doctrines were clashing: While some researchers were developing medical equipment and supplies that could be delivered by parachute, elsewhere in the bureaucracy the purchase of 36 horse-drawn ambulances was being approved. Warehouses were full of obsolete medical equipment and ragged hospital tents, but budget cuts hampered the modernization of the army medical service. "To prepare for war," said one army history, "the Medical Department had to start almost from scratch."

Its preparation plan called for the formation of 62 "affiliated units," again raised by leading hospitals and medical schools but without Red Cross fund-raising. In the spring of 1940, as France was about to fall, Magee began sending out letters, hoping to recruit these affiliated units; many of his letters went to places that had received similar ones two decades before. But this time not all the affiliated units came from medical schools. In October 1940 General George C. Marshall, army chief of staff, was attending a lawn party in Charlotte, North

The Medical Corps entered WWI with doctrines formed in the Civil War

Carolina, when a local surgeon told him that area doctors wanted to organize an affiliated hospital. Marshall explained that medical schools normally sponsored such units, but the doctor persisted. Marshall eventually approved the creation of the 38th Evacuation Hospital, staffed by local physicians and nurses, most from Charlotte Memorial Hospital. Another unit of special origin was General Hospital No. 9, formed in October 1940 by New York Hospital and Cornell University

Medical College, formed at the urging of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.

Although the staffs of affiliated units completed their army training promptly after being called up, Magee inexplicably kept them at army posts in the United States rather than treating them as the promised rapid-response teams. Twenty affiliated units spent more than a year waiting to go overseas.

Early in the war Magee also changed course, turning against the concept of affiliated unit hospitals and deciding not to create any more, because, he said, the army needed “doctors as individuals, available for assignment when and where they were required.” The doctors, in turn, accustomed to getting

‘I want surgery in the front lines... where it’s needed’

their way, appealed to influential alumni and powerful hometown friends. But Magee continued to drain doctors from affiliated unit hospitals by allowing them to volunteer for all-army hospitals.

A former president of the American Medical Association, who was serving as an adviser on army surgery, endorsed Magee’s approach of raiding affiliated units. “We have just got to learn to do the job with what we have,” he said, “and we haven’t enough men to give every hospital a university surgical faculty.” Even No. 9, Secretary of War Stimson’s creation, lost five doctors as Magee volunteers. Each one was rewarded with promotion in rank and appointment as chief of a surgical team in an all-army hospital in a combat zone.

While career army medical officers muttered about the affiliates’ “political and professional cliques” and “old school ties,” they nonetheless wanted such experienced physicians in their hospitals overseas.

Most journeys of the wounded to those lifesaving hospitals began the same way: Medics, unarmed and protected only by red crosses on their helmets, went into the field with a litter or jeep and collected the wounded, carrying them to an aid station 300 yards or so from the front. After what was known as “patch-up work” there, the next stop for most men with serious wounds was a larger hospital, where there were surgeons and new medical miracles: penicillin, sulfa, and blood plasma. Of every 100 wounded men who lived to reach a hospital, 96 survived.

One vocal dissenter to such humanitarian care in combat was Lieutenant General George S. Patton, who had this advice: “If you have two wounded soldiers, one with a gunshot wound of the lung, and another with an arm or leg blown off, you save the son-of-the-bitch with the lung wound and let the goddamn son-of-the-bitch with an amputee arm or leg go to hell. He is no goddamn use to us anymore.”

In order to ensure the best care for the wounded, high-ranking

army medical officers joined in combat-logistics planning. The placement of hospitals became a key element in the deployment of troops—and increased the likelihood that wounded men would return to battle. One such hospital, the 70th General, formed by the medical school of St. Louis University, occupied an abandoned Italian army barracks west of Florence. The 70th saved the lives of thousands of soldiers—German, American, and Italian—who were wounded during the long and bloody slog up the Italian peninsula. Among them was Second Lieutenant Robert Dole of the 10th Mountain Division, who arrived in mid-April 1945 as the war in Europe was nearing its end. He had been wounded trying to rescue an American radioman hit by enemy fire when their unit tried to take out a German machine gun nest. Dole’s right shoulder was shattered, neck and spine vertebrae were fractured, and he had shrapnel wounds throughout his body. A week later Second Lieutenant Daniel Inouye of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, arrived. He had been shot in the

stomach and most of his right arm ripped away by a German grenade; the remnants of his arm were amputated. Both men survived and were sent to the same army hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan, where they became acquainted with each other and another wounded soldier, Philip Hart. The three talked about going into politics after the war—and they did, each of them becoming a U.S. senator. (In 2003 the hospital where they met became the Hart-Dole-Inouye Federal Center.)

In Europe 375,000 wounded men left hospitals after treatment and fought again. Overall, death from wounds among U.S. troops in World War II was 3.3 percent, compared to 8.5 percent in World War I. Most medical historians attribute the dramatic drop to the speedy transport of wounded soldiers from frontline patch-up to surgery in the nearest hospital. And eventually the nearest hospital would have the initials MASH.

Early in 1942 Allied strategists had feared that Japan would follow its attack on Pearl Harbor with an invasion of Australia, so medical units were dispatched there. The first sent was General Hospital No. 4, replaying the fast-moving role of its World War I predecessor. As in Dr. Crile’s Base Hospital No. 4 of that earlier war, most of the doctors in World War II’s No. 4 came from the medical school of Western Reserve University and most of the nurses from the Cleveland area.

Awaiting them was Colonel Percy J. Carroll, chief surgeon of the growing American forces in Australia. As Manila was about to fall to Japanese troops, Carroll had evacuated 224 wounded American and Filipino soldiers and an army nurse, loading them aboard a ship for a perilous voyage to Sydney. Carroll knew that Allied strategists were expecting a long, amphibious Pacific campaign that would be fought across great distances between and on islands of trackless jungles and malarial swamps. And he realized that No. 4 and the three other multi-bed hospitals then on their way to Australia were

the wrong kind of hospitals for that kind of war.

He first split the hospitals, designed for 400 to 750 beds, into smaller units. But that was not enough. As he later recalled, he went to his superior—Brigadier General Richard J. Marshall, General Douglas MacArthur's deputy chief of staff—and said, "I want surgery in the front lines. I want surgery where it's needed." Asked what he had in mind, Carroll said, "a portable, surgical hospital." His idea was rapidly approved, and he headed for General Hospital No. 4, which had taken over a 1,000-bed hospital in Melbourne.

After talking about his vision with members of the surgical staff there, he asked them to go over their instruments and pick out the fewest and most critical "for major operations in the front lines." Continuing his research, he envisioned a 25-bed portable hospital weighing 1,250 pounds that could be transported along jungle trails in packs and wheeled litters by four officers and 25 or 33 enlisted men, depending on how much other gear they had to carry.

Carroll formed 25 portables, as the units were called, by recruiting surgeons and medical technicians from big hospitals

who were arriving from the United States. Carroll specified that all potential recruits had to be in shape. Because he felt that nurses would not be strong enough to carry the portable parts, he trained enlisted men to be surgical nurses. He eventually developed another version of the portable—larger and carried on trucks—that did include nurses. In their combat debut during the New Guinea campaign, the portables proved their worth. During their first week of combat in the fall of 1942, surgeons in one portable performed 67 major operations.

MacArthur endorsed the portables, which were assigned to every infantry division in his command and were soon in use by Allied forces in India, Burma, and China. In Burma, a medical report said, surgeons normally worked by flashlight at night, "since litter bearers usually brought in patients after dark" to evade Japanese snipers.

Shortly before the war ended, the Army Medical Department decreed that, although the portables had saved thousands of lives, "no future was envisioned" for them. Instead, the army turned to Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, a Tulane Medical School professor and pioneer in cardiac surgery who would later pave



On hand at Anzio, American medical teams cared for some 750 wounded on the Italian coast in an army tent hospital. Legendary *Life* photographer Margaret Bourke-White documented the life-saving heroics of nurses, medics, and doctors during the months-long battle.

the way to open-heart surgery. DeBakey offered his skills to the army, rose to the rank of colonel, and became an adviser to the surgeon general. He and other highly skilled ex-civilians, often challenged official dogma, as they developed surgical teams that traveled by truck from large combat-zone hospitals to the front. Out of that came the idea for Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals—MASH.

Approved by the Medical Corps too late for World War II, MASH became its salvation when the Korean War ignited in June 1950. Stripped of doctors by a rapid postwar demobili-

zation, the corps was unprepared for this new war. But it did have a small number of MASH units, and three of them were rushed to South Korea to accompany combat forces.

Each was a 60-bed mobile hospital whose staff ideally included six surgeons, 10 other officers with medical specialties, a dozen nurses, and 95 enlisted men. In that war of sudden battles, there were days and nights when the number of wounded soldiers surged, and the official table of MASH organization collapsed. As one historian noted, it was “not uncommon for dentists to give anesthesia, psychiatric residents to perform surgery, or radiologists to set fractures.”

In order to provide the Medical Corps with more physicians quickly, Congress passed the Doctors Draft Act. It exempted experienced physicians who had served in World War II while drafting young, inexperienced physicians. For some of them, the first patients of their medical careers were wounded soldiers lying on a folding operating table in a MASH tent. The career army officers in a MASH had to learn to cope with those temporary officers, who saw themselves as physicians aiding the wounded rather than officers serving in the army. That was succinctly immortalized in dialogue from the movie *MASH*, between an army captain and two MASH doctors. The

captain asks, “What are you two hoodlums doing here?” and one of the doctors answers, “Ma’am, we are surgeons, and we are here to operate.”

Describing the real-life doctors who served in Korea with him, Captain H. Richard Hornberger, a Maine surgeon called to war, wrote, “A few flipped their lids, but most just raised hell.” Hornberger, in collaboration with a ghostwriter, wrote *MASH: A Novel about Three Army Doctors*, published in 1968 under the pen name Richard Hooker. The movie *MASH* came out two years later, followed in another two years by the tele-



MASH—the Mobile Army Surgical Hospital—made its debut in Korea, where teams like the 8209th MASH (left) operated on the wounded just 20 miles from the front. Their inventive, improvisational medicine was celebrated in the popular television series *M*A*S*H*, starring, among others, Alan Alda (above, far left), as the rambunctious, rogue surgeon “Hawkeye” Pierce.

vision series *M*A*S*H*. Its final episode in 1983 attracted the largest audience to that point in television history.

The last actual MASH in Korea was deactivated in 1997. During the Vietnam War, the MASH concept evolved into medics in helicopter ambulances. In a war with no trenches and no front line, helicopters brought wounded soldiers directly from battle to large stationary hospitals within the sprawling bases throughout South Vietnam. Still, the concept of MASH continued into the 21st century. The final MASH, the 212th, traced its origin to the 12th Evacuation Hospital founded in World War I. The 212th ended its service helping injured civilians, survivors of the devastating 2005 earthquake in Pakistan. The unit was absorbed into a larger combat-support hospital in October 2006, and its equipment was donated to the Pakistani army. After the 212th’s colors were wrapped, an echo of the fictional MASH came with the announcement that there would be “a cake-cutting ceremony in the triage section.”

MHQ

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